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VOL. VI, NO. 6 SEPTEMBER 1982

HEAVY METAL

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DOSSIER

AX-GRINDING

While the steel grip of rock's Guitar Supremacy has slipped somewhat, it still hangs tough around the necks of most rock contextualizers. The six-stringed devil has been rock 'n' roll's central image/identifying symbol/instrumental focus since the gestative fifties for several no-kidding reasons: It's easy to play (any geek can learn to finger-press strings and strum some chords), it's portable (player can move, pose, and gyrate suggestively while playing—unlike those stuck behind drum sets or keyboards), it leaves the mouth free for singing and girl-winking (ever try to smile with a sax-stuffed mouth?), it's ideal for venting serious emotion and simultaneously keeping the song going (thrashing at tight-strung wires for peak-power hell-raising does wonders for pent-up frustrations), it's sonically versatile (feedback shrieks, buzz-saw distortion, and carillon-bell harmonics are all available), and—most important of all—it looks cool hanging there (ref.: Elvis, Eddie Cochran, Pete Townshend, Hendrix, Sid Vicious, etc.).

But, as every microchipster worth his silicon knows, this is the era of technosocial mutation, so we should stand by for the guitar's imminent replacement by the synth-droid of your choice, right? Not so fast—like over-eager transplant surgeons, we're too itchy to declare brain death before the EEG's stopped scribbling. As long as *someone* out there isn't satisfied with the old ways of doing things—isn't soul-indentured to their Les Paul—there's hope. And Lou's much relieved to report everything's a-okay, thanks to guys like Snakefinger, Adrian Belew, Keith Levene, Richard Pinhas, Phil Manzanera, Robert Fripp, Glenn Branca, Fred Frith, Tom Verlaine, Robert Quine, and Andy Gill.

Let's get historical (Olivia's new single?). If amplification's arrival corresponds to the leap of quantum physics, and Chuck Berry is Albert Einstein, then the power chord's birth ignition—"My Generation"—was Hiroshima and Nagasaki (Townshend as Oppenheimer?). The stiff-wristed, cross-string slash and its resulting roar at once embraces rock's Olympian moment—the unchallenged sovereignty of Big Bang-level volume—and its seductively gravitic downfall—brawn without brains—as well. Heavy metal is our Cold War, and I'm ready to bet Leonid Brezhnev owns a shelf-full of **Ritchie Blackmore** records. Blackmore, late of Deep Purple and now fronting the **Rainbow** thunder lizard, stands as one of Guitar Hegemony's most visible figureheads and staunchest conservatives (up there with Jimmy Page and Ted Nugent). While Blackmore takes his ax-work seriously—inserting cosmetized classical riffs into the standard hm bump-and-grind — Rainbow's *Straight Between the Eyes* (Mercury) proves yet again (seventh time around for them) that heavy metal isn't about musical inventiveness so much as symbolized power, domination, and pain (check LP cover). Obviously, this orthodoxy's stylized rituals bash buttons in (mostly male) teen-age minds. The faithful respond by dutifully donning uniforms (leather and denim) and following such recently ordained clergy as krusher-krauts **Scorpions** (*Blackout*, also on Mercury), who recite the liturgy straight from the King Ritchie's book. Meanwhile, doom-zombie necrophiliacs **Anti-Nowhere League** (greased-up Motorhead in Johnny Rotten drag) demonstrate punk's splinter-cell affiliation with heavy metal (although their debut single B-side, "So What," is a real hoot), and **Chelsea**'s cryogenically preserved pre-Sex Pistols stumbles upon the efficacy of Generation X-styled, power-chorded pop-punk five years too late (the anthemic *Evacuate* on IRS).

Snakefinger gets wrapped up in his music.

But unimaginative use of a form doesn't necessarily signal its obsolescence. Santrisco's **Tolling Midgets** (pause for yak-howls) choose a revisionist approach, using the thick, ringing sound of an amplified guitar to produce a grinding, metallic drone, somewhere between Black Sabbath and early (*Dataponik*) Pere Ubu. The result is *Sea of Unrest* (Instant, through Rough Trade), their uneven debut, smeared with melancholic lassitude and sledgehammer desensitization that barely holds itself intact against a dizzying chaos.

Tom Verlaine, while less of a purist than someone like **Ry Cooder** (whose recent Warner LP, *The Slide Area*, is another of his diverting recreations of the American musical experience), does approach his instrument with a naive, stripped-down sensibility. *Words from the Front* (Warner Bros.), his typically moody, third post-Television solo effort, features his naked guitar in its pointillistic, crystalline grandeur, but also conveys an agoraphobic sense of isolation in a large, empty space. Last year's shimmering *Dreamtime* had something this one lacks.

Wandering even further from the purist corral is Residential cohort and expatriate redcoat **Snakefinger**, whose demented bottlenecking is less prominent on his smirkily jazzy, third LP, *Manual of Errors* (Ralph). The addition of ex-Beefheartian Eric Feldman to Snake's busily touring ensemble has given some depth to the Lizard Prince's engaging, but sometimes overly flippant, pop-idiosyncracy.

Roxy Music's **Phil Manzanera** chameleonically slips in and out of straight-guitar clothes with the ease of a true craftsman. His limitless capacity to amaze understatedly ranges from the nearly invisible, MOR background featuring he applies to **Roxy Music**'s latest (and least) *Avalon* (Warner Bros.) to the uncanny unguitarisms of his third solo LP, the Frippstyled workbook *Primitive Guitars* (Editions EG).

Adrian Belew's assortment of unguitarry sounds is even more tradition-defying than Manzanera's. A graduate of the Zappa/Bowie/Fripp Touring College of Aesthetics (can you imagine a better faculty?), Belew incorporates lessons learned from each mentor (Z: "Adidas in Heat"; B: "Lone Rhino," and F: "Native Guitar," or maybe it should be "Belewtronics") into an exuberant, satisfyingly enjoyable debut, *Lone Rhino* (Island). If nothing else, Belew is a master of animal noises (did this guy grow up in a zoo?), which makes him an okay-Joe in my book (honk).

HEADY METAL

Will anyone buy Glenn Branca a new guitar?

We're saved! Fetishistic-though-enlightened fans of crashing/bashing guitars are about to discover intelligent life on our planet. Musical heavy metal devotees need no longer subsist on the qualitatively slim diet of Foreigner, Journey, AC/DC, Rush, and old Zeppelin records. Soho's ubiquitous art world, home of "minimalism" (which spawned Philip Glass and Steve Reich) and "performance art" (which spawned Laurie Anderson), has unleashed its art/rock/"heady metalism" in the form of vinyl and touring by its leading exponents: **Glenn Branca, Rhys Chatham, Sonic Youth, Red Decade**, and a slew of others to follow.

"Art/rock" is a movement that dares marry strange bedfellows. The two entities, you'd think, completely contradict each other, or *should*. Not so. This new breed of rock manages to be intellectually stimulating without losing an inch of its very rough edge. The aforementioned precocious *avant terribles*, veterans of lower Manhattan's "alternative space-y" circuit (the Kitchen, Inroads, the Performing Garage), now ply their wares everywhere from New York's Mudd Club to the Brooklyn Academy of Music (where Branca will debut a very large work this winter).

Chatham, a classically trained flutist, and **Branca**, who studied theater at Emerson College, are both variants on the very-loud-fast-rules school, with concentrations on the dissonance and density of numerous de-tuned guitars *attacked* (no melody, no harmony) at high amplitude for overtones resulting from washes of repeated chords. Chatham is basically an artist who's "found" rock (he recently discovered AC/DC). Branca's the rock-lover-cum-serious-composer (he recently performed a symphony for sixteen musicians that had a lot more depth, build, and crescendo than I've ever associated with any rock music). Both look cool, rock, and stylish—in the way that only the truly "I don't give a shit what I look like" (post-punk, not post-hippie version) intelligent can.

(cont'd next page)

Photo by Deborah Feingold

WHAT'S UP IN VINYL 80s
WITH GUEST REVIEWER ...RON POST.
...LET'S TALK ABOUT THE LATEST ALBUM FROM THOSE MEN OF MYSTERY— THE RESIDENTS!
IT'S A TALE ABOUT OPPRESSED ROCK WORKERS!
NONONONONO
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT PART TWO OF THE MOLE TRILOGY ...NOT THE FRIST PART.
©1982 MATT HOWARTH
OH— THE TUNES OF TWO CITIES ALBUM— THAT'S A COMPARISON OF THE MUSICS OF 2 CULTURES— WHO COME TO CONFLICT ON THE 1ST ALBUM UNDER THE HOLE-WORKERS ARE BEING OPPRESSED BY THE TECHNOLOGICAL CULTURE! HEAR ME— FREE THE WORKERS!
SIT!
NONE OF THAT. LET'S SEE WHAT ANOTHER RESIDENT THINKS.
IT'S A VERY SILLY ALBUM. I'D MUCH RATHER TALK ABOUT THE FILMS USE RESIDENTS'VE DONE...
...AHHH. IM BEING OPPRESSED BEFORE MY VERY EYES!

WE'RE ACTUALLY NOBEL-WINNING SOCIOLOGISTS IN REAL-LIFE!!
AND THERE'S HIDDEN MEANINGS TO ALL OUR SONGS—HAH!
DAMMIT—I'M LOSING CONTROL OF THE REVIEW—
COLLEGE RADIO STATION! SHAW BY OUR MUSIC!
FREE THE HANDS THAT GLOOG!
OUR NEW LP IS A TOTAL BREAKTHROUGH FOR WEIRDNESS IN UNDERGROUND MUSIC ON THIS PLANET!
LISTEN—THE MUSIC ON THE TWO CITIES LP IS VERY STRANGE INDEED FOR ELECTRONIC MUSIC— BUT THE HOLE-WORKERS' SONGS ARE MUCH WEIRDER THAN THE SONGS OF OUR OPPRESSORS!
THE TUNES OF TWO CITIES IS UNCANNY— BUT ONLY FOR THE MUSIC OF MY PEOPLE!
YEAH? I DISAGREE. ALL THE MUSIC IS TREMENDOUS! DO YOU AGREE, HOLE-WORKERS? OR ...DO I BLOW YER PUPPET HEAD OFF? THINK FAST, MOLE...
!
OKAY-OKAY! EITHER WAY, THE TUNES OF 2 CITIES ALBUM IS A MUST! FROM RALPH RECORDS— QUICK, BUY OR I'LL DIE!! ...BUY DON'T FORGET THE PART 3 LP— MARK OF THE MOLE!
HEY...
'S A GREAT LP. TOO—SMOKE ME!
For FREE catalog write to: RALPH RECORDS 444 GROVE ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

Import of the Month

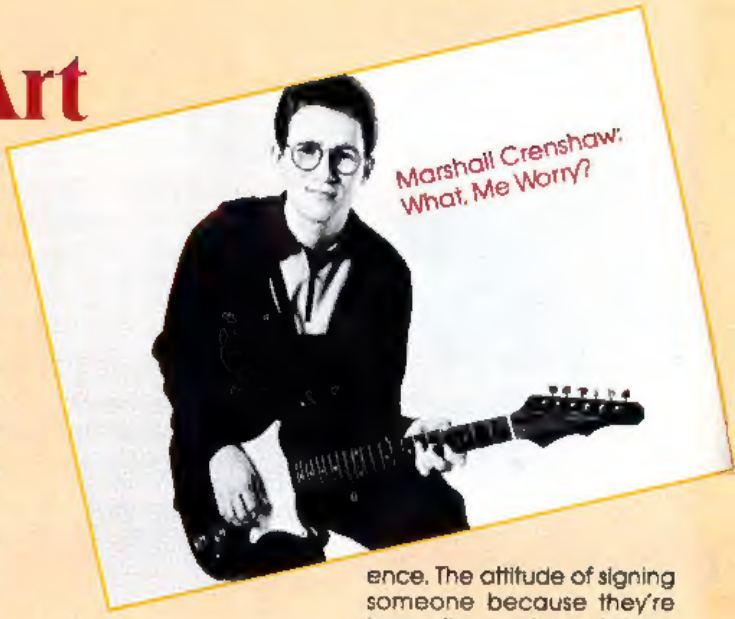
Richard Pinhas, one of the shining LED's of the last decade's Europa-progressive scene, has a new release on the UK Pulse label (USA distribution by Greenworld), *L'Ethique*. Late of the Heldon group (ref.: Spinrad's *The Iron Dream*), Pinhas pits his endlessly sustained, soaringly Frippian guitar against a rigid, synthesized superstructure in a superb tension/release dialogue. Those Frogmen are a devilishly clever lot.

—Lou Stathis

Addresses:

Neutral Records: 415 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10003
99 Records: 99 MacDougal St., New York, NY 10012
Rough Trade: 326 6th St. San Francisco, CA 94103
Ralph: see Below
Greenworld: 20445 Gramercy Place, Torrance, CA 90509

Mis-State of the Art


Marshall Crenshaw: What, Me Worry?

As the record industry drifts further rightward, it becomes readily apparent that any band deemed worthy of a major-label recording contract doesn't deserve to be called rock. If a musician hasn't lost all his idealism/integrity/inspiration by the time he gets his first "deal," a week in the studio will easily cure him of any capacity to make worthwhile music/art.

Take a rube like **Marshall Crenshaw**, whose live performances reveal a genuine love for rock 'n' roll but whose debut album (on Warner Bros.) is as lifeless as anything by Christopher Cross. He made a terrific single a year previous to his WEA incarceration, but that was produced by Alan Betrock (founder of both *New York Rocker* and Shake Records), whose reputation as an industry hitmaker wasn't good enough for Warners. True to form, Crenshaw was paired with Go-Go's/Robert Gordon producer Richard Gottehrer, a match which might've sounded fine over cocktails at Elaine's but did absolutely nothing for the artistry of the record. Product was created, and somewhere in Iowa a Warners salesman moved three units of BSK 3673 but doesn't know and couldn't care who Marshall Crenshaw is. These record companies aren't the enemy as such, but due to enormous overhead they can't turn a profit on sales of less than 500,000, so they're not really interested in artist development or establishing a base audience, but instead anticipate the quick return.

Van Halen is more their kind of animal. Hit quick, go platinum with your first few records, and then fall into the same rut as a million other bands. Where can a bunch like Van Halen go—Eddie's already played every lick he knows, and their sales aren't about to exceed Led Zeppelin's. Their latest LP, *Diver Down* (Warners), has them covering Smokey Robinson, Ray Davies, and Roy Orbison tunes, but that isn't going to make them any less dispensable—just put them a few dollars ahead and let them tell their kids they had a hit single once. It's no wonder that nothing particularly earth-shattering has come across the airwaves recently if the music execs are walking around seeing Van Halen as the pinnacle of what to look for in new talent.

A small label like Slash, on the other hand, can put twenty-five thousand dollars into an LP like Fear's *The Record*, and amortize their investment without the sell-out, and without releasing something that sounds just like what they assume every teen-ager wants to hear. **Fear** sing "I Don't Care about You (Fuck You)," and they mean it, particularly in reference to any A&R men who might be in the audience. The attitude of signing someone because they're innovative and special has disappeared from the major label mentality—if Elvis, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, or Jesus Christ reappeared in 1982, they'd probably get put off with a form letter. The surfeit of lowbrow musical acts that sound just like everything else you've ever heard, except worse, is due to the industry as a whole giving up on the idea of looking for the next phenomenon, and just wanting to pay the bills for their past mistakes.

—Jon Tiven

Slash Records: P.O. Box 48888, Los Angeles, CA 90048

(cont'd from preceding page)

At first, in the mid-seventies, their respective audiences, like Reich's and Glass's, were mostly artists. As Branca admits, this genre of music is "not about dancing, but about having an extreme experience." It's so loud and viscerally emotive (The *New York Times* labeled it "aural hurricane") that the art world looked to it for Transcendence. Branca's done two records for the 99 label (*Lesson No. 1* and *The Ascension*), and Chatham has recently won over an audience of suburban teeny-boppers in one of Manhattan's more barnlike clubs (to be followed by a disc on Antarctica), making this "downtown sound" the music that *both* metal-manic kids and art-aficionado parents can enjoy. The *New York Rocker*, always glib, considers it "sort of a wet dream for closet heavy metal freaks masquerading as grown-up intellectuals" (give me a break).

There are now scores of art/rock bands circulating through the Manhattan club scene (where grantland meets clubland), many of which premiered at the New York Noise Festival in June of '81 (at White Columns Art Gallery). The whole thing is reminiscent of the early seventies, when *every* artist (David Byrne, Blondie's Chris Stein, et al.) picked up a guitar. But these art/rockers don't pretend they know how to play—they're proud they *don't*. They've perfected the "bad is good" idea to its raw roots-of-rock primitive extreme, and the tag "noise bands" (from the Noise Fest) sticks.

Best of these is **Sonic Youth**, made up of Thurston Moore, Lee Renaldo (who play with Branca), artist Kim Gordon, and drummer Richard Edson. They have a record out on Neutral (a new label partnered by Branca and White Columns director Josh Baer) which nearly captures their urban mutant sound: unbridled emotionalism submerged in a sea of harmonies, feedback, and rhythm. Their psycho-acoustic effects are accompanied by raw-raw lyrics ("I'm not afraid to say I'm scared"), so simple and so dissonantly used they sound like non sequitur poetry.

Red Decade (self-titled LP on Neutral), brainchild of Jules Baptiste (former sideman w/Branca, Chatham, and Laurie Anderson), is one of the few bands of this ilk to incorporate saxophones into the normal guitar-bass-and-drums format. Although the music is highly structured, it's still hyper, somewhat dissonant, and has all the rock, jazz, and "experimental stuff."

Heady metal, indeed. Could this be the true language of subconscious perception, or just another flash in the experimental pan? With the increased record sales, press coverage, and radio play, it all seems to add up to a movement. Non-avant-garde audiences don't find this music esoteric at all. They know it's only Art—but they like it.

—Merle Ginsberg

Blood and Thunder

Fred Frith guesses weight.

When **James Blood Ulmer** and **Material** first turned up on the Manhattan new-wave scene nearly two years ago, the sounds around clubland were definitely more lulling than enlivening. A fusion of clashing guitars, funk riffing, and jazzified improvisation made good sense after the ennui had set in. In each generation someone ventures forth to marry rarified instrumental compositions with pop structures, and three recent albums—Blood's *Freelancing* (Columbia), Material's *Memory Serves* (Elektra/Musician), and **Massacre**'s *Killing Time* (Celluloid)—not only add to the library of such musical ventures, but recall much of the critical sources of intelligent music-making as well.

Blood Ulmer isn't merely another fleet-fingered, pop-jazz simp, nor is he quite as revolutionary on *Freelancing* as some of his new-black-music contemporaries. Instead, he chooses to reconsider various jazz-rooted premises about riffing and beat within the terse confines of the new-wave *tune*. But for Blood, the "new wave" appellation is more a matter of time placement and audience appeal than compositional temperment or stylistic intent. Sidemen like saxophonists Oliver Lake and David Murray insure that even the most pop-oriented vocalized tunes draw more from an atomized heavy-blues base (à la Albert Ayler's last LP with Henry Vestine) than from a Talking Heads-style, self-conscious afro-funk fusion. Which is okay for Blood and for us, as he recasts the essential reference points in a fresh and brilliant light.

While Ulmer is more firmly fixed in history, **Material** is more assiduously steeped in a proto-apocalyptic ethos. *Memory Serves*' futuristic machinations mines the same rich catalog of primal sources as Blood (horn players George Lewis and Henry Threadgill, as well as guitarist Sonny Sharrock, are virtually Ulmer's kin); but the faint cry of both Captain Beefheart and King Crimson echoing among Fred Frith guitar pummels and Michael Beinhorn's electronic emanations renders *Memory Serves* more of a high-tech mongrel and laboratory-fashioned exercise. Although less filled with *Freelancing*'s pure joy, *Memory Serves* still focuses on enough of the funk beat to mix-master intelligence and emotion into one.

The simplicity which graces **Massacre**'s first LP, *Killing Time*, actually serves to consolidate musical values generated on the Material disc—and no wonder, since guitarist Frith, bassist Bill Laswell, and drummer Fred Maher are all Material activists. Here they are less occupied with history and more with forming breeder-reactor compositions, yielding fuel for further variations on this trio of instrumental interplay. Of the three, this album's deceptive simplicity marks it as the most cogent.

—Brad Balfour

BEDDING DOWN

A pair of sleepers by Toulouse-Lautrec, from Anthony Burgess's *On Going to Bed*.

If **Anthony Burgess** was to write the copy that goes on the little white sanitary bands in hotel toilets, I'd read 'em. Call me dull, but kinder yet, call me infatuated, for Burgess is just one of those writers who can take a normal, everyday occurrence such as *On Going to Bed* (Abbeville Press) and make it compelling.

With paintings by such masters as Goya, Lautrec, and Rackham, the book is chock full of anecdotes and facts about—you guessed it—beds. Big ones, small ones, squat ones, hanging ones, no mattress is left unturned in this rockabye-ography.

Now, a word of warning: Burgess does not delve much into nookie, so don't run out and buy this book in hopes of reading a bunch of lurid sex tales. He does touch on the subject, but ever so slightly. This is more of an ode to the chamber in which we've all rocked in as babies, feverishly made love in as adults (okay, okay, so he doesn't mention it much—no reason I can't), and will possibly breathe our last gasp in between crisp, cool sheets.

—Julie Simmons-Lynch

On Thomas M. Disch

Disching It Out

Thomas M. Disch: world's best bald-headed, cigar-smoking, bow-tied sf writer with tatoos.

I was walking down Fourteenth Street in Manhattan, and Thomas M. Disch was walking beside me, telling me about his new novella. "And so," Tom Disch was saying, "he finds himself in Sure Would Forest and there he sees the Seven Dorks. And . . ."

"What do the Seven Dorks look like?" I interrupted. "How do they dress?"

He turned towards me and spread his hands, beaming, as if to say: Like me!

If the sartorial style for these peculiar creatures is modeled on Disch's own for that day, then they typically wear a straw hat, a lurid bowling shirt, and khaki trousers. And each one smokes a big cigar.

Disch, yes, smokes a cigar, and on his forearms are large, bright, nicely executed tattoos of dragons locked in combat with panthers. But on his face is the openness and playfulness of a small child. His face is a touch round, a little babyish; the beard that comes and goes with his seasonal moods doesn't change that. He's more than six feet tall and built like a chief bosun's mate—but that doesn't take away from his sublime youthfulness. Nor does his slight portliness.

*When he expounds an idea, extols something beautiful, expresses an opinion—and these things he does often—his words ring with a profound resonance I associate with Dr. Samuel Johnson. Like Johnson, he is a scholar, a critic, a wit—unlike Johnson, he is ever genial and well-mannered. For a more contemporary comparison: he's rather like the Major Winchester character on TV's "M*A*S*H*" in his Wildeesque sallies and learned articulation, without Winchester's snobbishness. He's a connoisseur of literature, painting, poetry, opera, and bowling shirts. He's the author of a string of brilliant, grittily real, elegantly written, puckish and melancholy novels, collections of short stories, and books of poetry. He wrote the critically acclaimed historical novel* Neighboring Lives *(in collaboration with Charles Naylor from Scribner's), the richly gothic novel* Clara Reeve *(under the pseudonym "Leonie Hargrave," from Ballantine), and the classic sf novels,* Camp Concentration *(Avon),* 334 *(Avon) and* On Wings of Song *(Bantam). His most recent book of poetry is* Orders of the Retina *(Toothpaste Press).*

And this man brings me hope. Hope for sf—he wrote the first truly naturalistic sf, 334—and hope for life in general. Because his insights and his observations constantly point up everything that is redeeming about life, even life at its worst. The humor in the terror, the visions trapped in the humdrum. The distinctive, humanistic vision of Thomas M. Disch.

—John Shirley

"Laughter is a 78-rpm scream played at 33⅓."

HM: With *On Wings of Song*, did you intend to write a formal novel in the manner of, say, Jane Austen?

TD: All my novels are pretty formal, but *David Copperfield* was the conscious model. First I had it in the back of my mind that I was going to write a book about flying, because I'd had these great flying dreams. And one is always casting about for a big subject that you as a writer have authority to deal with, some particular area of expertise that's yours . . .. Hemingway could write about big game hunting or bullfights, right? And I knew what it was like to fly! Because of these dreams, I had an absolutely unshakeable interior conviction that I knew what it was like to fly physically, from my body, in the dreams. And the particular overriding character of these dreams is that I knew how to fly in dazzling situations—I had a great flight through the Grand Canyon once. And I had some theory of what flying dreams were representing, what they were metaphors of. So I had it in the back of my mind that someday I was going to write a good flying epic. And then I was reading a book of John Berger's essays about painting, *The Moment of Cubism*, in which he quotes a poem of Apollinaire. And reading the four lines of that poem, the novel just sprang into my mind in all the basic lineaments of the plot within half an hour. I immediately started writing the novel. Usually a novel of mine will percolate for years before I actually have the time to sit down and write it. But at this time I left off everything else I was doing and started the novel, and continued on, without a break. It was the most extemporaneous novel I've ever done, in its separate sections. I felt a great confidence about what I was doing. The metaphor of flying, of "knowing" how to do it, enabled me to be writing with more novelistic freedom of invention than I'd ever felt before. In earlier novels, like *The Genocides*, I had an almost chapter-by-chapter scenario as to the plot, and I never varied from that very precise scenario in the writing of the book.

HM: I have the impression that you're sort of amused by death, that you perceive it as the cosmic joke.

TD: It's a joke, yeah. I mean, life is a joke, properly understood. And death is just its punch line. The fact of death unleashes laughter. Somewhere I said that "Laughter is a 78-rpm scream played at 33⅓." Freud pointed out that laughter is a sublimation of terror. And why *not* sublimate our terror? Isn't it better to appreciate it, to sort of slow down the flow of the horror till we can see it in a way that we can understand it and get the joke? I mean, part of the joke is that we're not that important individually, that the world is so much vaster than we are. And we understand such a little bit of it. And every single person is full of his own self-importance. All we know about death is other people's deaths, no one of us knows our own until it's too late.

HM: Our laughter at death is nervous laughter; we're laughing at something we don't know how to cope with otherwise.

(photo by **Richard Suter***)*

TD: Yeah. Horror movies are always treading that very dangerous edge between laughter and terror, and the best horror movies move back and forth across the line and use the energy of laughter to sort of key you up for the moment the laughter's dispensed with, and you're presented with the raw, scary part of it. I don't systematically write of death as something funny. Lots of the deaths in my stories and novels are horrific.

HM: It seems to me your writing went through a kind of major refreshment about the time of *334*, as if you were really coming into your own voice.

TD: Literally. I'd spent maybe two years, in '67 and '68, in a very, very fallow period, in which I wrote *The Prisoner* tie-in, a movie tie-in, and very few short stories, which aren't particularly memorable. I'd written one of the *334* stories, "The Death of Socrates," in 1965, and I'd meant for a long time to write a whole book around the world that was established in that story, but shied away from the task. Early in 1970 I finally got up the courage and went back to work on that. I wrote the stories all in one burst of new life. It was definitely a sense of resurrection. I'd been saying that one thing that hadn't been done in the same way—or to the same degree—in sf is uniting the romantic power and capability of the traditional naturalistic novel and the metaphorical force and pizazz of speculative fiction. But usually sf had a kind of schematic quality, or thinness of thought, that has made it unrespectable among most literary folk. In some senses deservedly. *334* was a determined attempt to create a future world that had all the richness of detail and persuasiveness of detail and truth-to-life that a contemporary realistic novel of the best sort could hope to achieve. And that is not the case with my earlier sf, which tended to share the schematic, or over-colored, quality of most sf. *The Genocides* is a very broad melodrama in many respects. You have to suspend your disbelief in a slightly different way, the way you do with opera, or any other *grand guignol* situation. The germ of the desire to create a naturalistic tone or environment is there in lots of my early sf, but *334* is the first time I had the resources at my command to do it.

HM: It also seems to begin a phase where you're dealing more especially with the Common Man.

TD: Let's put it more simply: *other people*. There is no figure in *334* who corresponds to the vicarious hero that is basically a paraphrase of the novelist's own sensibility.

HM: As in *Camp Concentration*.

TD: Yes. It's very easy to write a book in which the hero is just a self-approving mirror image of yourself. And almost all trashy fiction follows a vicarious pattern in which the hero is a vehicle for what's called reader identification, which means that you don't question your identification with, say, a Delany protagonist. Delany, whatever literary tricks he is performing, has always held onto his "Kid" hero which the reader simply, simply goes into the book, puts on that costume, and is able to get through the rest of the book without worrying about whether or not he's a good guy. He *knows* he's the good guy. *334* has no hero at the focus of it, none—it's rather a Neighborhood. It's not a person who is the focus for, as it were, good feeling in the book, but a network of relationships beween many people.

HM: *334* seemed a kind of stylistic departure from what was crystallized in *Camp Concentration*. In that book there was a quality about the prose as if an oboe became articulate, a kind of stylistic nasality that was pleasant, and with a round sound to the words, but just a little, forgive me, pompous.

TD: Good description, and I agree. I would like to think I've got a string section in *334*.

HM: And *Camp Concentration* was so self-consciously literary. At least it struck some people that way. As if you were saying, "I'm not just an sf writer," and "Look, I know about this stuff." And in fact I think there are parts you can't fully appreciate unless you've read Thomas Mann, especially *Doctor Faustus*. How much was Mann an influence?

TD: A huge one. I lusted for him to be my grandfather. From early college years, and maybe before, he was to me the most important modern writer, and I read him over and over again, and read all about him, and studied German.

HM: And how is *Frankenstein* coming, your opera libretto?

TD: We have all of Act II done now, and I have done the last scene of Act III, which is the creature alone on the ice floe, as at the end of Mary Shelley. And that is going to be a hell of a scene. It's a vision that the creature has. It's a curse on all humanity, in which he prophesies what science will do to the world, right through the nuclear apocalypse. The part that's been composed is very good, and the composer, Greg Sandow, is going along great guns at it. The problem with opera is that you have to realize the meaning of a story in statements by figures in the story, usually very extended statements. In ordinary fiction, the opportunity for making extended statements is very rare. This is a very formal opera.

HM: Are you willing to discuss your current novel-in-progress?

TD: That's *The Business Man: A Tale of Terror*. It's occult fantasy. It's a tale of the afterlife, and about half of the point-of-view characters are people living *in* the afterlife, finding out what it's like and generally trying to cope with it. The heroine of the book begins the novel as a ghost who is trapped inside her coffin with her own corpse and can't get out. The pyrotechnics of writing about the afterlife in a way that nobody's ever done before, so that it's fresh and not folderol, has been the great fun of writing the book.

HM: Does God make an appearance?

TD: Well, Jesus Christ appears near the end as a pilot of a blimp, but . . .it's a tale of terror and not a religious allegory.

HM: It's a horror story, then?

TD: Indeed. It's a feast of gore. I love the machinery of terror.

The Higher Escapism

A List of Ten Staggerers
Suitable for the Readers of Heavy Metal,
In No Particular Order

Note: Any number of other essential books are not on this list because the authors or books already have high reps and established champions (e.g., best-selling authors like Renault or Fowles, highbrow classics from Kafka through Borges, and whole legions of first-rate, semi-forgotten sf writers and fantasists). What the ten following books have in common is that each one completely bowled me over the first time I read it—and changed my idea of how bowling over is done. Each one is a showboat of melodrama and/or pizazz. —T.D.

1. Wandering Jew by Eugène Sué
2. Little Dorrit by Charles Dickens
3. Melmoth the Wanderer by Charles R. Maturin
4. A High Wind in Jamaica by Richard Hughes
5. The French Revolution by Thomas Carlyle
6. Lady into Fox by David Garnett
7. Thank You and Other Poems by Kenneth Koch
8. Villette by Charlotte Bronte
9. The Bride of Lammermoor by Walter Scott
10. Joseph and His Brothers by Thomas Mann

PHILIP K. DICK

. . .The Complete Works

The hard fact of Philip K. Dick's regretfully early death last March is softened by the knowledge that such a tribute to his talents as Daniel J. H. Levack's *PKD* was placed in his hands before the end. This remarkable bibliography tirelessly indexes each of Dick's published and unpublished works, enriching the listings with international printing histories, synopses (by Steven Owen Godarsky), cover reproductions, and frequent perspective-lending commentaries by Dick himself.

Levack, compiler of a Jack Vance bibliography, is pedantic in the best possible sense. His excavation exhumes not only the existence of a sixties BBC series based on *Martian Time-Slip* and various novels' original manuscript titles, but helpfully includes a list of connecting stories and reappearing characters as well. Whether you're an interested beginner, an old P.K.D. hand, or a book collector in search of a groundplan, **PKD: A Philip K. Dick Bibliography** rewards investigation. Available from: Underwood-Miller, 239 N. 4th St., Columbia, PA 17512; $16.95 hardcover, $7.95 paper, and $1.00 for postage.

—Timothy R. Lucas

. . .The Last Words

How do you distinguish a mystical experience from a psychotic episode? Sometimes it's damn hard. According to friends and interviews, the late Philip K. Dick was overwhelmed by a transcendant benign power (nicknamed Vast Active Living Intelligence System, or VALIS for short) in 1974, and spent much of the next decade trying to account for it. The author of more than thirty sf novels, noted for their paranoia, plot twists, reality shifts, and ironic humor, Dick found himself living the life of one of his own characters.

VALIS (Bantam) and *The Divine Invasion* (Timescape —both 1981) turned to gnostic myths as metaphors for Dick's "revelations." With **The Transmigration of Timothy Archer** (Timescape) —completed shortly before his recent death—Dick jettisoned the sf elements altogether.

Dick knew Bishop James Pike back in the sixties, and in *Timothy Archer* he retells the strange tale of Pike's final years. Pike, as you may recall, made news when he claimed mediums had contacted his son who had committed suicide. This was soon followed by a church heresy trial, the suicide of his mistress, and ultimately his tragic death while lost on a pilgrimage of sorts in the Israeli wilderness. Dick changes names and juggles details, but the book never wanders far from Pike's own chronology. It's engrossing, but hardcore P.K.D. fans may find it relatively mild fare.

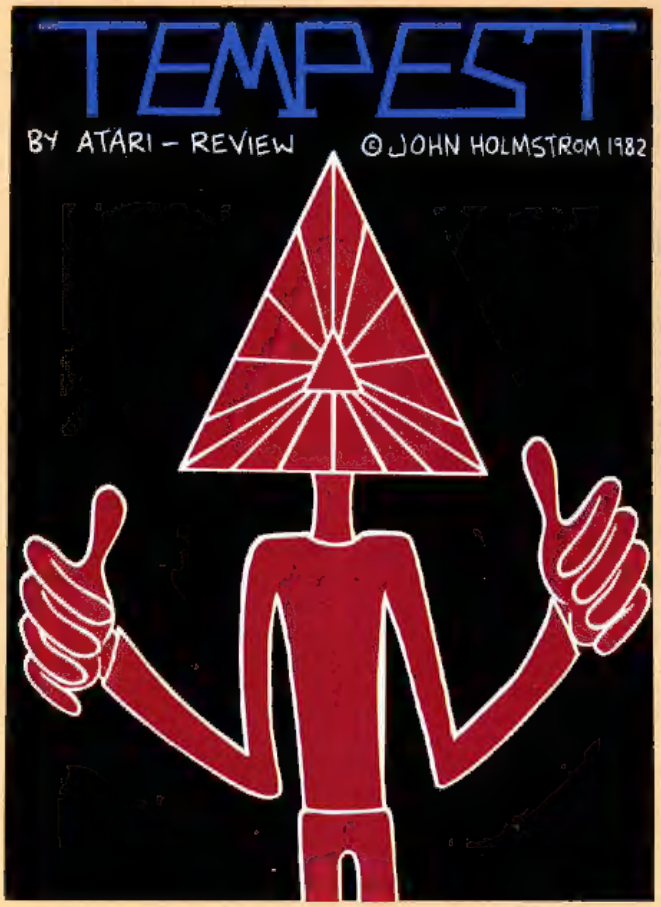
Yet, beneath the surface lurks the impression that Timothy Archer's ruminations on Pike are actually Dick contemplating his own fate. Well aware of his own repressed anger and high blood pressure, Dick seemed to find in Pike's premature death forewarnings of his own fatal stroke.

Alas, Dick's last is not his very best, but nonetheless an essential piece in the Philip K. Dick puzzle.

—Jay Kinney

TEMPEST

BY ATARI – REVIEW ©JOHN HOLMSTROM 1982



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NO TWO **TEMPEST** PERFORMANCES PRODUCE THE SAME VISUAL EFFECTS. THE PLAYER BECOMES, IN EFFECT, AN ARTIST. "PLAY" BECOMES "WORK". ALTHOUGH THE WORK IS TEMPORARY, THE STRUCTURE AND LAYOUT OF THE GAME PROVIDE A CONSTANT AND PERMANENT FORM FOR THE PLAYERS TO INVOLVE THEMSELVES IN. IT IS BOTH MORE POWERFUL AND MORE INTIMATE THAN **ANY** PAINTING.

TEMPEST'S DESIGN IS A STATEMENT ON ITS OWN TECHNOLOGY, OR FACTURE. ORIGINALLY THE DESIGNERS WANTED **ALIEN MONSTERS** TO EMANATE FROM THE CENTER OF THE BOARD. WHEN THE PROGRAMMERS DISCOVERED THAT THEIR MONSTER DESIGNS WOULDN'T GENERATE PROPER RESOLUTION ON THE VIDEO SCREEN, THEY HAD TO REDESIGN THE "ENEMY" INTO ABSTRACT SHAPES. THE FORM FOLLOWS THE FUNCTION.

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LIKE IT OR NOT, VIDEO GAMES ARE TRULY A NEW ARTFORM, AND DESERVE TO BE RECOGNIZED AS SUCH.

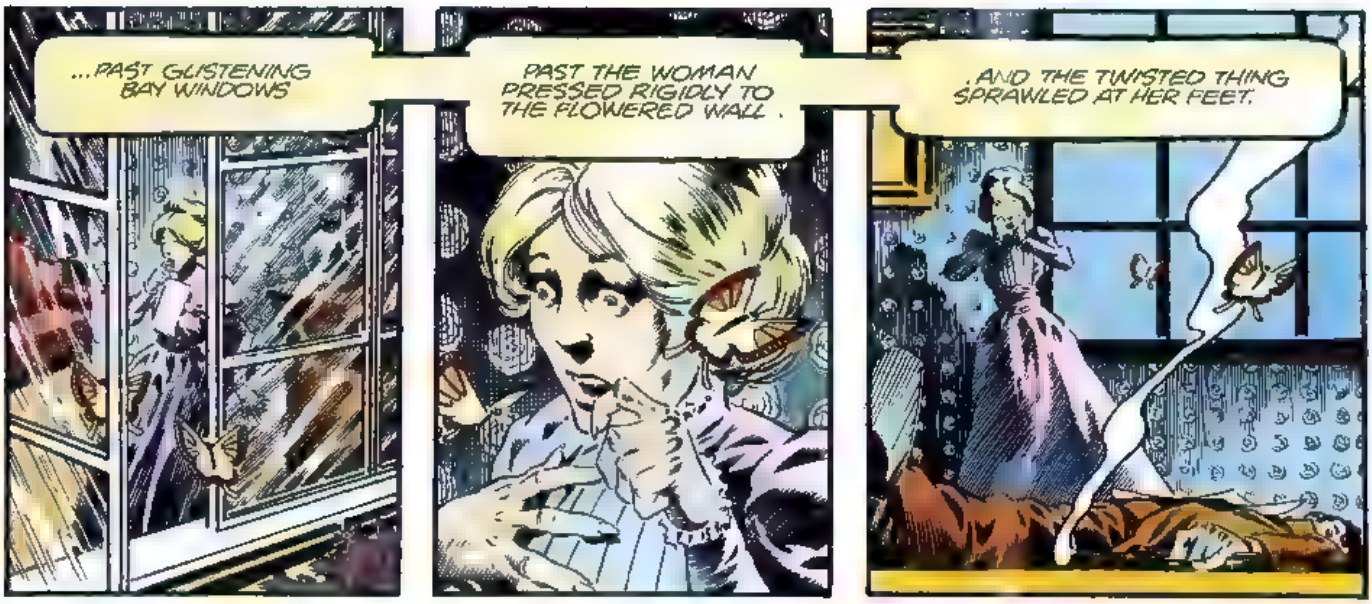
–JOHN HOLMSTROM

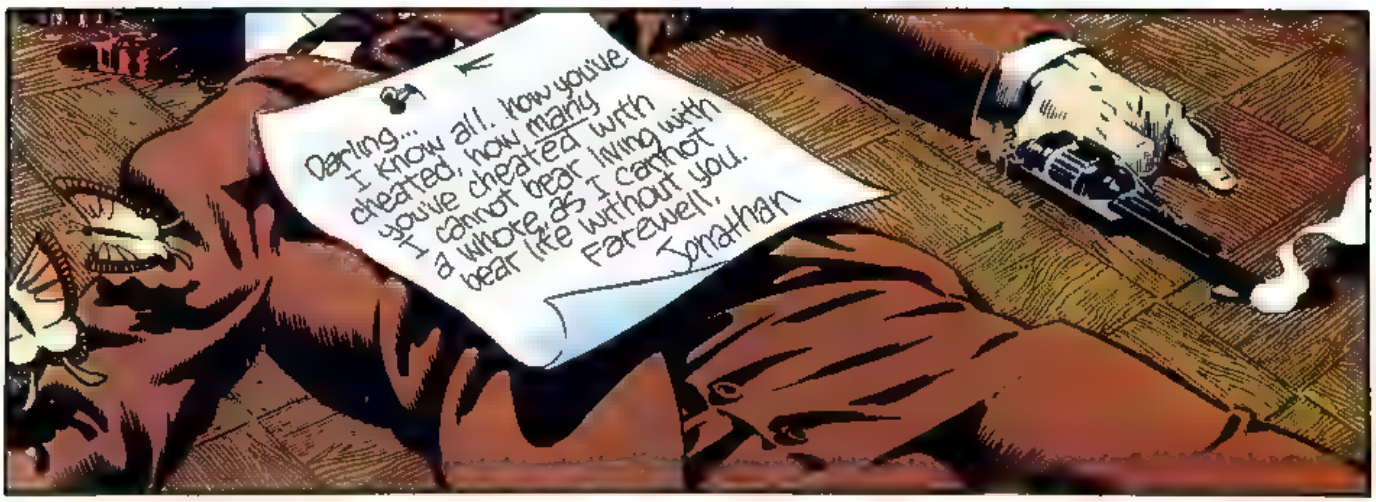
Dossier designed by Leslie Engel

FREAK SHOW

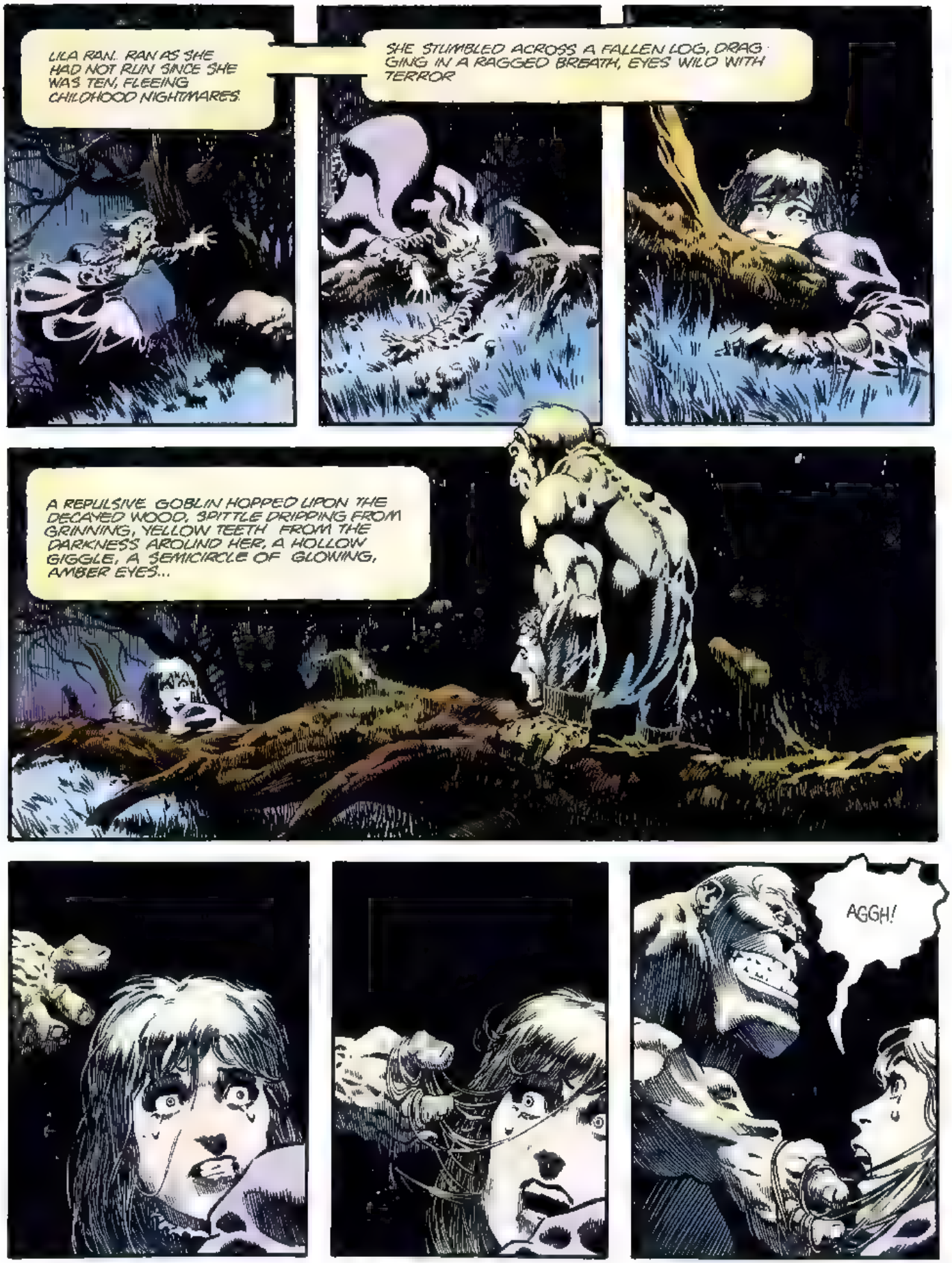
WRITTEN BY BRUCE JONES
ILLUSTRATED BY BERNI WRIGHTSON
COLORED BY MICHELLE WRIGHTSON

THE STORY SO FAR: A BRIGHTLY DECORATED WAGON PULLED INTO A SMALL TOWN AT THE HEIGHT OF A SEVERE RAIN STORM. THE DRIVER, A GAUNT FIGURE IN BLACK, BEGAN TO TELL THE TOWNSPEOPLE OF A SIMILAR PERSON WHO, YEARS EARLIER, UNDERTOOK THE "COLLECTING" OF LONELY AND DEFORMED PEOPLE - THE LOST CHILDREN OF THE WORLD.
IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL ESTATE, ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST IN THE COUNTRYSIDE. WITHIN ITS SCULPTURED GARDENS PEACOCKS STRUTTED MAJESTICALLY, WHILE BUTTERFLIES FLITTED JOYOUSLY PAST MARBLE WALLS.


...PAST GLISTENING BAY WINDOWS
PAST THE WOMAN PRESSED RIGIDLY TO THE FLOWERED WALL.
...AND THE TWISTED THING SPRAWLED AT HER FEET.



HER NAME WAS LILA SHE WAS TWENTY-ONE THIS DAY SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, WEALTHY, INTELLIGENT...
BUT SHE COULD NOT STOP THE SOUND OF THE GUN SHOT ECHOING IN HER BRAIN...
. OR THE SIGHT OF THE BRILLIANT SMEAR OF RED ON THE CARPET.
OR THE ENDLESS, HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM ERUPTING FROM HER OWN THROAT
AND, HOURS LATER-CLOTHES TORN AND BEGRIMED, LOVELY FACE SWOLLEN WITH WEEPING, LOST IN THE LABYRINTH OF DARKENING WOODLAND CAVERNS-SHE COULD FIND NEITHER THE WILL TO LIVE
. NOR TO DIE..
IT LEERED AT HER FROM THE SKELETAL BRANCHES ABOVE, THE HIDEOUS LANTERN EYES GLARING BALEFULLY DOWN FROM THE FLAT, REPTILIAN HEAD-ITS RUBBERY BODY WOUND SERPENTLIKE ABOUT THE TREE .


LILA RAN. RAN AS SHE HAD NOT RUN SINCE SHE WAS TEN, FLEEING CHILDHOOD NIGHTMARES.
SHE STUMBLED ACROSS A FALLEN LOG, DRAGGING IN A RAGGED BREATH, EYES WILD WITH TERROR
A REPULSIVE GOBLIN HOPPED UPON THE DECAYED WOOD, SPITTLE DRIPPING FROM GRINNING, YELLOW TEETH FROM THE DARKNESS AROUND HER, A HOLLOW GIGGLE, A SEMICIRCLE OF GLOWING, AMBER EYES...
AGGH!

LILA STRUGGLED UP, RAN ON, MOUTH AGAPE, THE COPPERY TASTE OF DEATH RISING IN HER THROAT. ALL ABOUT HER THE WOODS WERE COMING ALIVE WITH FURTIVE, SLITHERING SHADOWS—TITTERING, LOPING OBSCENITIES
SHE DASHED THROUGH A NIGHTMARE VOID, FLANKED ON ALL SIDES BY THE SCRAMBLING, BEADY-EYED CHILDREN OF HELL, HOPPING, LURCHING, CRAWLING ON THEIR BELLIES AFTER HER THROUGH THE SPIDER WEB OF BRANCHES
A PALE LIGHT GLOWED AHEAD THROUGH THE LATTICEWORK OF TWISTED WOOD IN DESPERATION, LILA MADE FOR IT..

THE LIGHT GREW BRIGHTER. A FIRE APPEARED. A HORSE. A WAGON. ON ITS BRIGHTLY PAINTED SIDE THE WORDS "WALKER'S WRETCHES." LILA DASHED BREATHLESSLY TOWARD THE WAGON DOOR

SHE TRIPPED, FELL SCREAMING. DIRT CHOKING IN HER MOUTH. THE NIGHTMARE HORDE RUNG HER IN, POINTING, JEERING, DANCING INSANELY ABOUT HER COWERING FORM.

LILA DRAGGED TALONED FINGERS THROUGH HER MATTED HAIR AND SCREAMED HER AGONY TO THE NIGHT
GOD! SWEET GOD, DELIVER ME!
ABRUPTLY, THE GIGGLING STOPPED. THE HOPPING CEASED. THE WOODS GREW STILL
LILA TURNED

THROUGH VISION BLURRED WITH TEARS SHE SAW A DARK GIANT DESCEND THE WAGON STEPS. THE GIBBERING CREATURES FELL BACK. A TOWERING SHAPE LOOMED OVER LILA MASTERFULLY. IN THE GLOW OF THE FIRELIGHT A STRONG, TANNED HAND REACHED GENTLY TOWARD HER
WEEP NO MORE, MY CHILD.
I AM COME

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Editor:

I've purchased the last few issues of *HM* with more than mild speculation, I'm never really sure whether I want it or not. I would like to present a few ideas that I believe would increase your readership and sales, if that is of any interest to you *(Funny joke. ls)*. I certainly would like to see some changes for the better—I'd hate to see something with so much potential go down the drain (*So would we, believe me.—ls*).

Firstly, I believe that you should broaden your horizons. Maybe a more commercial approach would not be a bad undertaking. Print more material that appeals to the average person, not just ex-underground comix readers. Good, interesting stories, with good plots and satisfying endings, would certainly sell more magazines. For instance: if you printed a well done strip on a fantasy classic, say . . . *The Hobbit*, for example's sake, your readership and sales would certainly double because of Tolkein's popularity with the multitudes. Commercialize, and you'll fan more interest at the magazine racks.

Rick Cunningham
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

I am not a letter-writer, as a personal policy, but I must congratulate you people; you have succeeded in dragging this out of my typewriter. I am not the first reader, and I'm sure not the last, to inform you that your magazine has mutated into pure commercial hype. You have sold out, from the identical covers to the shallow stories that adorn the pages between. A perfect example of this self-inflicted artistic decay is Kierkegaard's "Rock Opera." At one time, this was the best strip you had; it employed beautiful, lyric passages, arresting artwork, and brilliant surrealistic images not found in the best fantasy stories. Now it is sitcom, on par with something like "Three's Company."

What is so frustrating, however, is that all of your stories have degenerated into this sort of inane pop-culture junk. Now, a story is *HM* material if it makes references to some branch of American television culture or deals with naked women wearing space helmets.

But there is no need for me to prove that you have gone commercial; you said it yourself. In response to Bill Tulp's inquiry about why you have been putting naked women on your covers (March '82), you replied: "It's simple, really. In a word, money." Bravo, ladies and gentlemen. You have completely sold out on your readers. My advice to you would be to change the title of your expensive comic book to *National Enquirer* or form a partnership with *Screw* magazine. Either way, stop pawning off this pop-culture bull shit on those of us who expect a little quality for our money.

Daniel Kraker
Parts Unknown

Interesting contrast here, don't you think? These two missives represent the wild extremities of viewpoint typical of our daily mail here—one meathead thinks we ain't mainstream enough, while another, more of the Zinjanthropus variety, thinks we're sell-out assholes. My immediate reaction is that neither of these clowns has any understanding or sympathy for what we're doing here. HM is supposed to be a mix, it's supposed to appeal to a number of areas in the mass-magazine market, and we don't expect everyone to like everything we print. Hell, I don't like all of it, but at least I'm tolerant.

No, we don't think all our readers are ex-undergrounders (we sell a quarter million of these things every month, undergrounds were lucky if they sold one-tenth that), nor do we think we've "sold out" because we take advantage of the boost in sales big hooters on the cover give a magazine. Inside the magazine is what counts, and there we try to satisfy as many factions of our readership as we can. As rewards, I point to June's "Little Star in New York," and July's "Life at the Circus," as well as things like "Rock Opera," which never cease to delight me. Would you find this stuff in any other American mass-market magazine? I doubt it. So ease up, buzz brains, and let reality enter your world.—ls

Dear Eds.

My praise of the May issue surpasses all superlatives, yet the word "awesome" will suffice for now *(Now this is my kind of letter. Why can't all of you write this way?—ls)*. The contents of the magazine was definitely comparable to its price, a rare occurrence this day and age. Although once a devout "critic of the columns," I have repented and believe the reviews/editorials have been successfully indoctrinated and certainly complement the magazine's aesthetic theme. A special reprieve for Stathis. I believe he has acquired a mote of humility *(Don't be too sure.—ls)*, and in conjunction with his contracted vernacular he has adopted a much more effective medium for his insights, decipherable even by the semi-literate. My profound congratulations and most elated vociferations on your reincarnation.

David N. Brownridge
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

Dear Julie Simmons-Lynch:

I think that a good alternative title for *Heavy Metal* would be *Tits and Entrails (I don't know, somehow it lacks a certain zing, but we'll keep it in mind.—ls)*. I've just read in *Comics Scene* Magazine that *HM*'s usual reader is a ten- to thirty-nine-year-old male and in the same article you are quoted as lamenting the current circulation stagnation *(Not quite true. Our circulation has risen respectably in the last year.—ls)*. I propose a solution to that. Aim for more female readers. I think I can speak for other women as well as myself when I say that the magazine is too male-oriented (and many men that I know are turned off by the graphically violent fantasies as much as I am). I am not suggesting that you forsake the overabundance of impossibly endowed female bodies, as I presume that is a reason for a large adolescent readership, but why not equal time for things that appeal to women? Now, I know that you are a subsidiary of *National Lampoon*, which the last time I looked a year ago, was still misogyny infested, but as the editor of *HM* and a woman surely you want to do something to remedy the lopsided situation, and surely you must be in the position to do something about it.

Nancy G. McClernan
Pennsauken, N.J.

Not only do the women around here—who lead us guys around by our dog-collars—want to even things up a bit, but some of us males think that more female viewpoints are definitely needed. We're trying—watch the bylines and see if there really is a difference.—ls

Dear Weighty Metallics:

JUNE WAS THE BEST ISSUE IN TWO FUCKING YEARS!!" All the written material is interesting—thanks for bringing to my attention the unfortunate passing of Philip Dick. I treasure his writing very much. Lou Stathis is great *(Documentation of this statement available.—ls)*. Thank him for bringing Ralph Records to my attention. And the ART! This is the most beautiful stuff in a while—amazing cover. "Den II" wonderful. "Little Star in New York" wow! I thought you stopped doing stuff like this! *(Never. ls)* "Concorde" is Caza at his best. .brilliant! That man knows how to use color. "Rock Opera" continues to be great fun, which is amazing considering how long it has been going on. And now the downer: "The Incal Light" is the worst shit Moebius has ever been connected to. Sorry. And Bilal has *always* been dull for me.

Ronal B. Regae
N. Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Editors:

As an ongoing *HM* reader, let me first say that I think your magazine is very good. An eloquent person might say "delectable. . . monumental in originality . . . a Brobdingnagian isle of elevated thought. . . " or some such blurb. I would just like to say that I enjoy your magazine more than any other. Precisely then, it is very interesting to witness the changes that the format of the magazine has undergone, while observing no change in content. *HM* basically started out as a comic book, and it still is a comic book, as I see it. I often wondered why I was attracted to *HM* when there were other comic books on the shelf, just waiting to be sold. I now realize why. *HM* is the one magazine that stirs my imagination every time I read it. Drugs are not a part of the experience. Nothing else but a great sf book can rile my brain as much as *HM*. So, to the editors, the authors, the artists, and everyone else, I thank you all for reviving the lost dreams that were so much a part of my childhood.

James H. Jensen II
Tyndall AFB, Fla.

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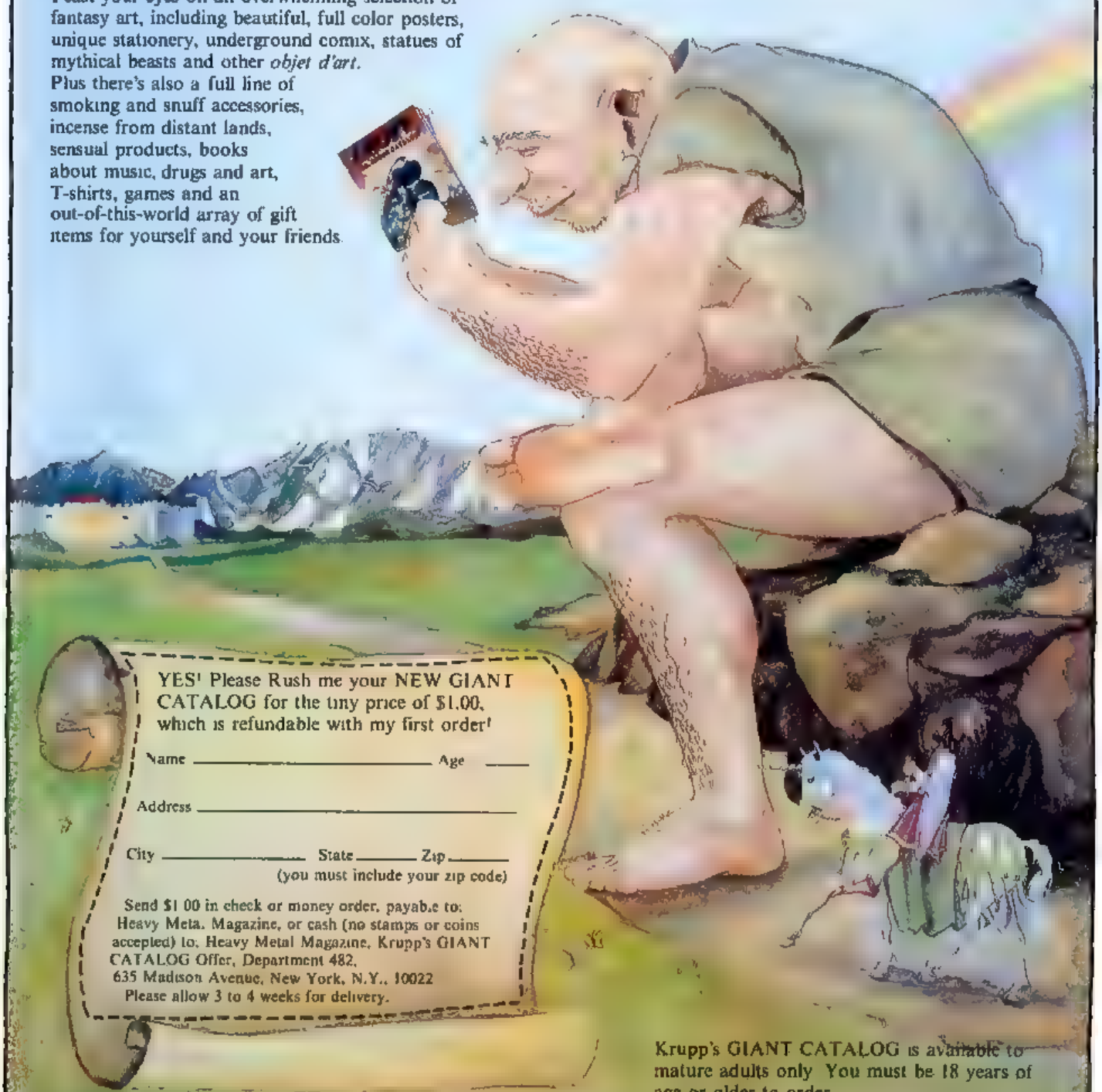

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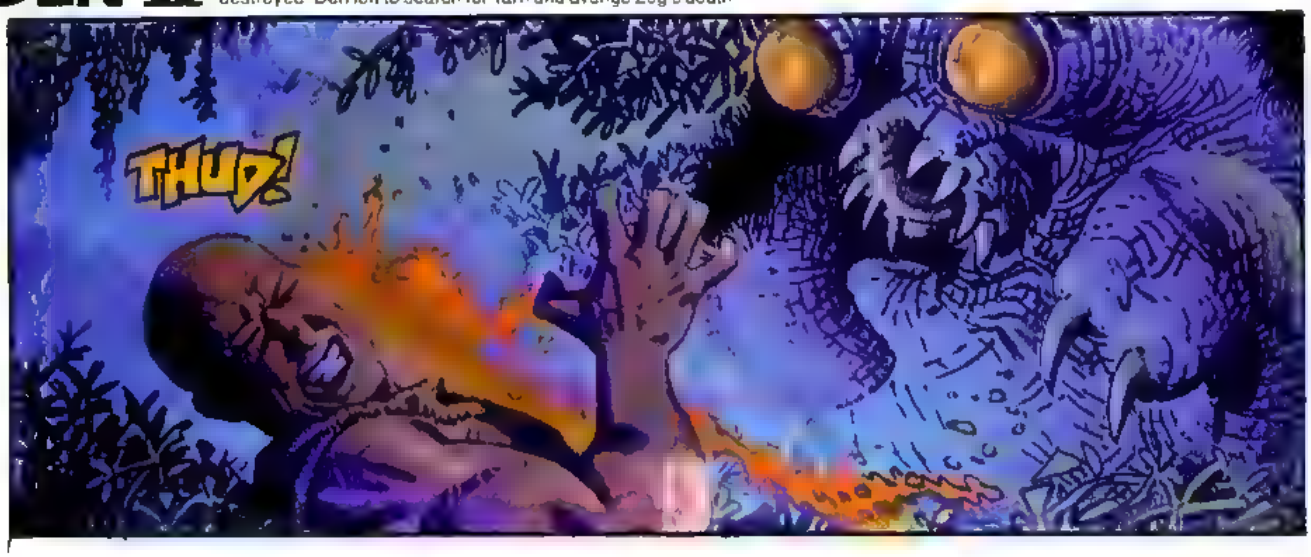
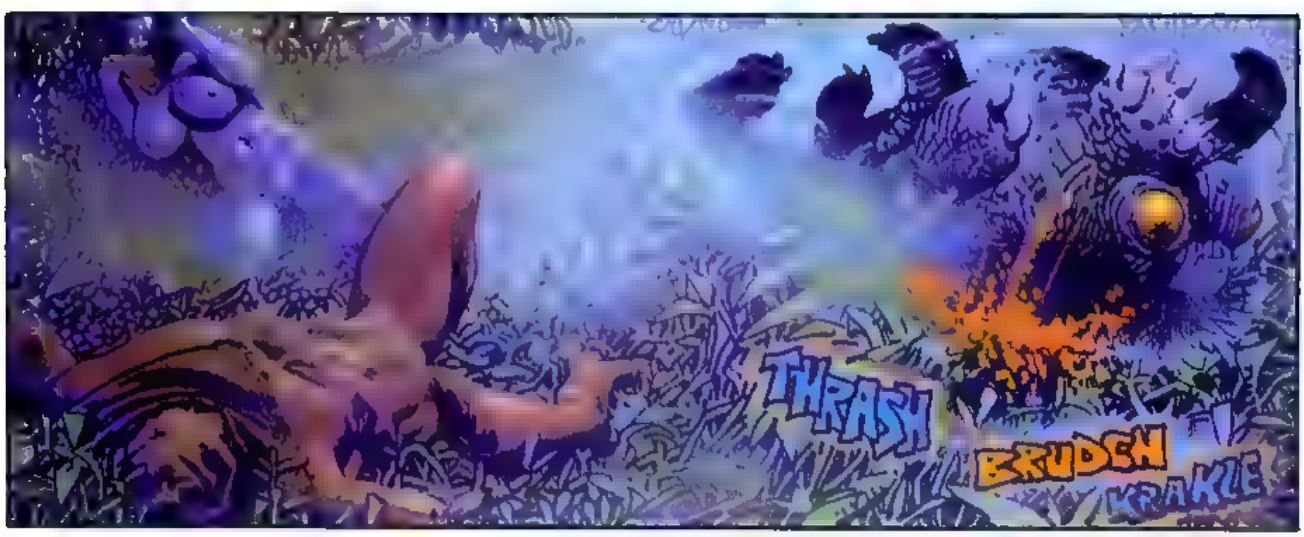
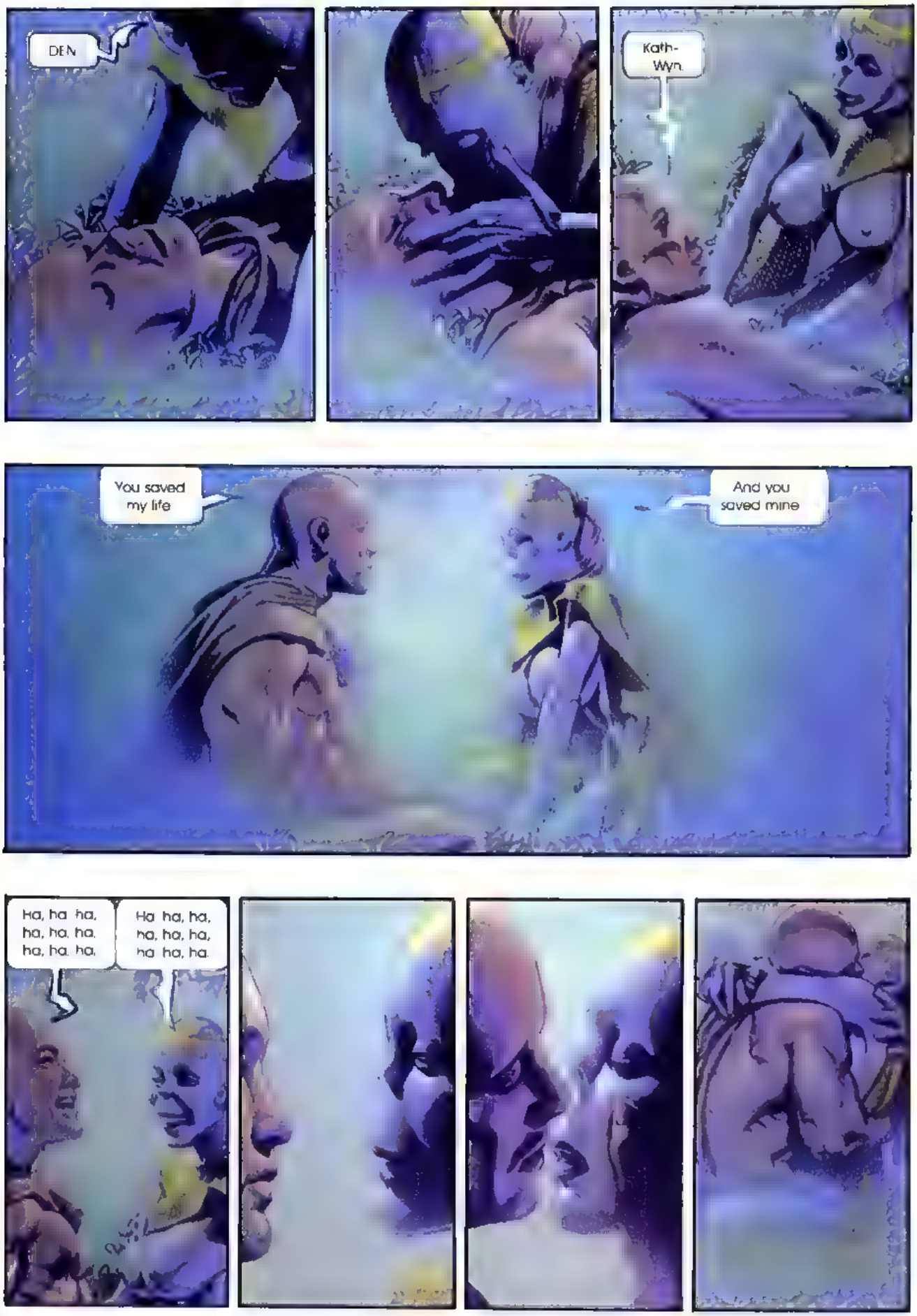
DEN II

In our last issue Den who was living with the Zorung tribe learned that Zeg was dead Tarn had run away and that Zegium was destroyed Den left to search for Tarn and avenge Zeg s death

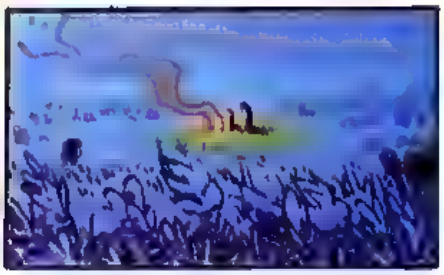


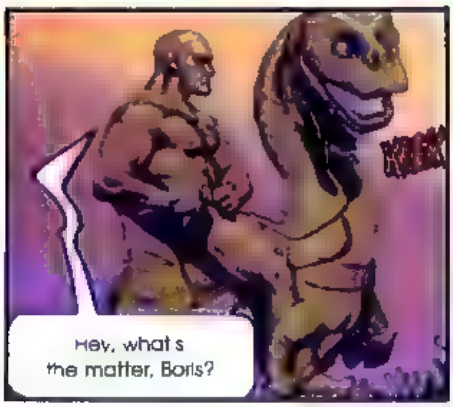



DEN
Kath-
Wyn
You saved my life
And you saved mine
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Ha ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ha, ha.

No, Wyn. You must return to your people now. I'm glad to see you, but I must go on alone.
Don't you like me, Den? Didn't you like our play?

Wyn-
Yes, I did. But I'm not ready to live with a woman again. I have a burden pressing on my mind. I must dispell it.
Very well. Don't expect me to wait around, though. There are many men of the Lorungo who desperately want what I gave you.

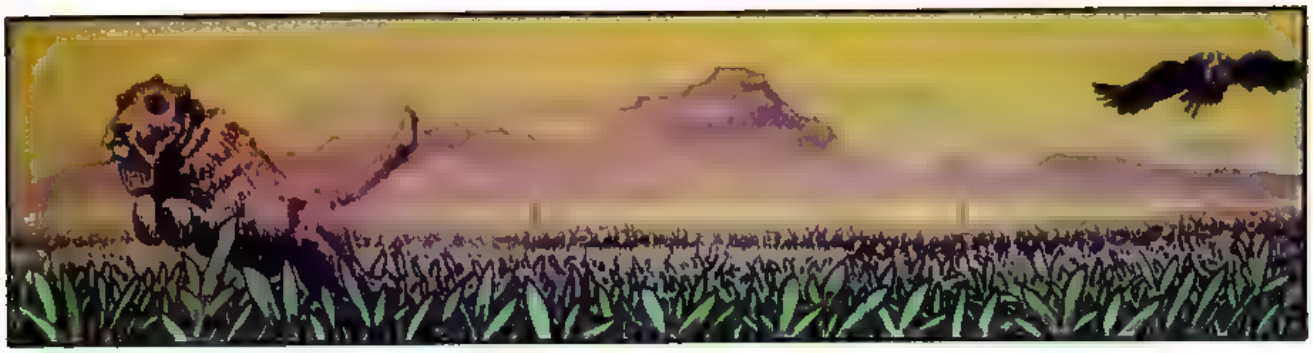


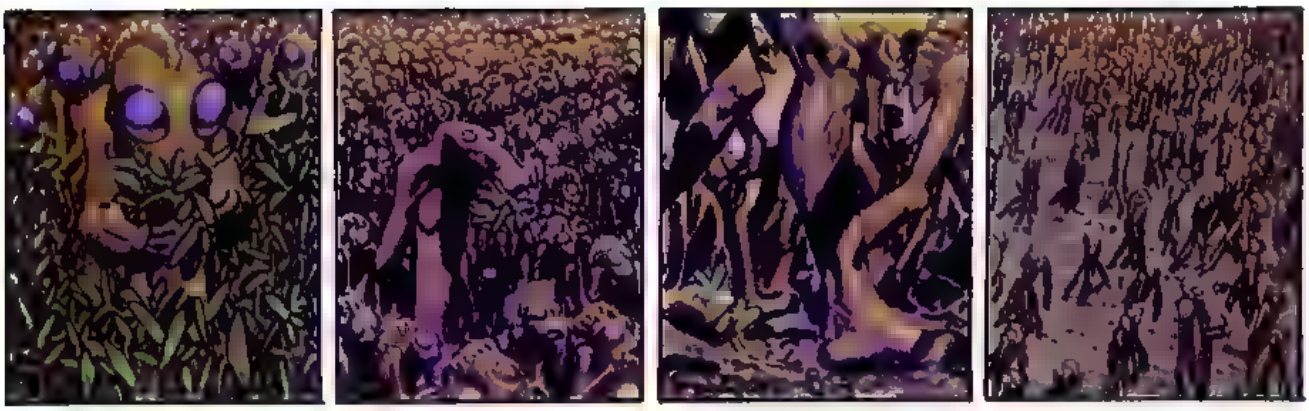

Hey, what's the matter, Boris?

C'mon, I want to go this way Eh? What's that?

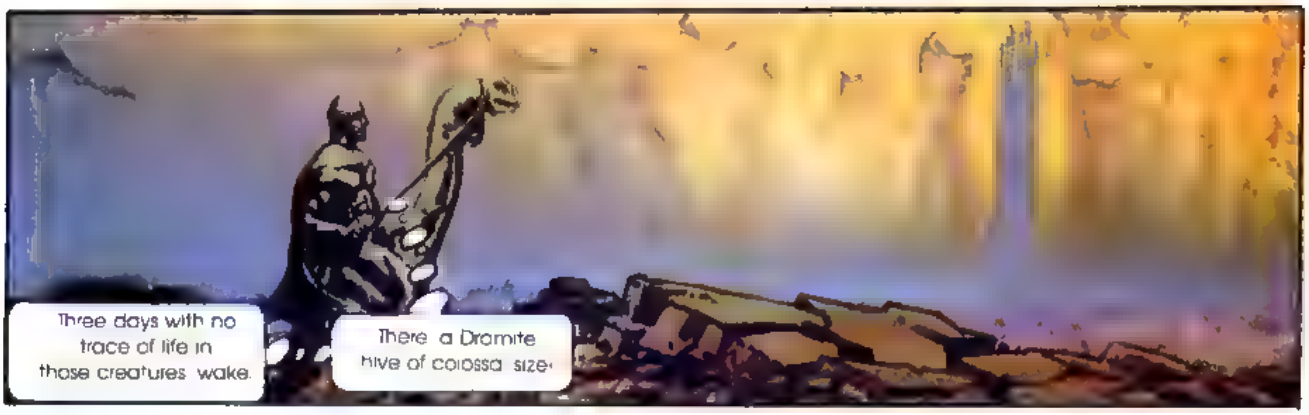
That noise... a strange faraway hissing

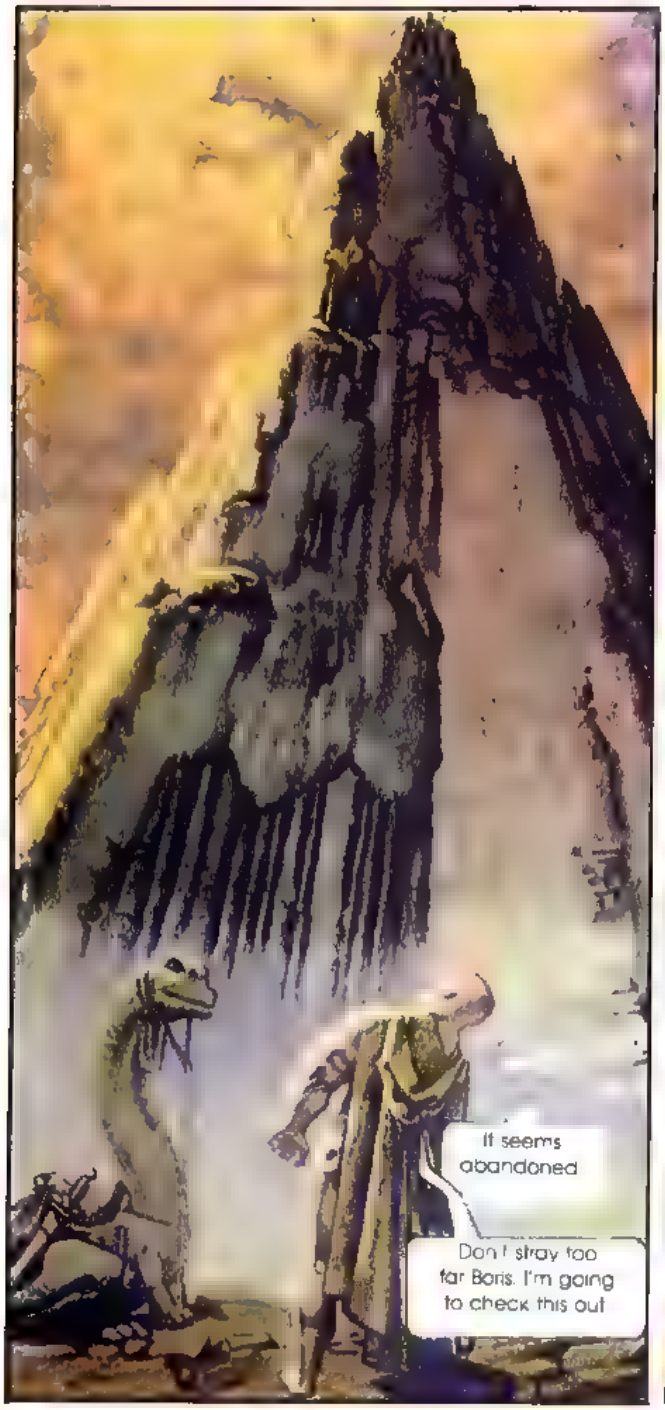
Oh, my God! What is it? No! Dramites! There must be millions of them coming out of Muvovum.

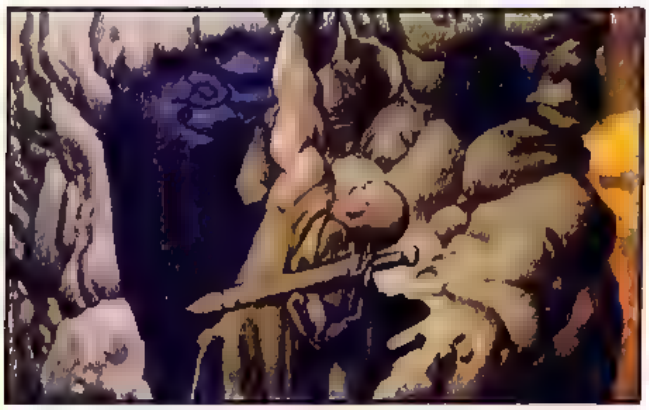




Okay Boris, we won't go that way We'll head north here
Tarn was last seen in Muvovum. Could he have escaped that horde?

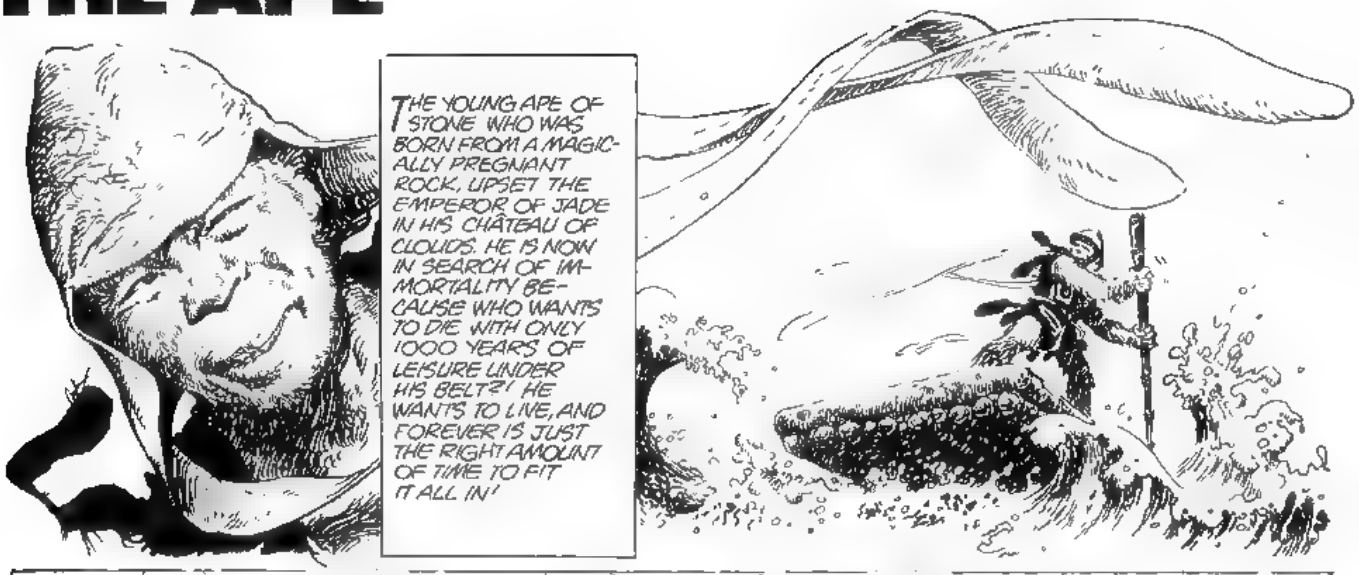

Three days with no trace of life in those creatures' wake.
There' a Dromite hive of colossal size.

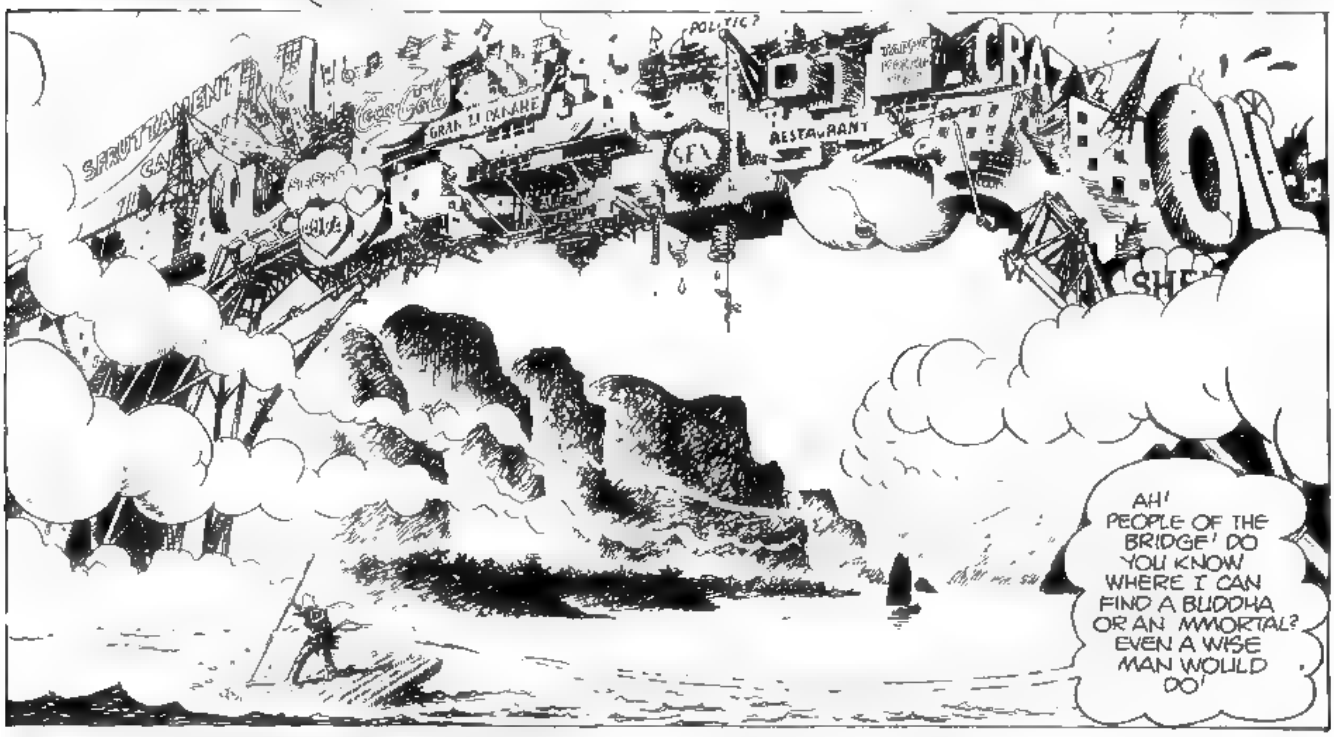

It seems abandoned
Don't stray too far Boris. I'm going to check this out



To be continued .

THE APE


THE YOUNG APE OF STONE WHO WAS BORN FROM A MAGICALLY PREGNANT ROCK, UPSET THE EMPEROR OF JADE IN HIS CHÂTEAU OF CLOUDS. HE IS NOW IN SEARCH OF IMMORTALITY BECAUSE WHO WANTS TO DIE WITH ONLY 1000 YEARS OF LEISURE UNDER HIS BELT?! HE WANTS TO LIVE, AND FOREVER IS JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF TIME TO FIT IT ALL IN!


POLITIC?
RESTAURANT
AH! PEOPLE OF THE BRIDGE! DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND A BUDDHA OR AN IMMORTAL? EVEN A WISE MAN WOULD DO!

WE ARE BUSY FINDING FAME AND GLAMOUR. TRY THE ANCIENT GROTTOS!

I SEARCHED FOR IMMORTALITY TOO, AND LOOK HOW THEY'VE TREATED ME! GO! LOOK IN THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAINS!

HOW LUCKY FOR ME THAT I AM NOT AFRAID OF TIGERS OR WOLVES OR OTHER BEASTS OF LOST LANDS!
AND SO HE ARRIVED AT THE GRAND PARK OF WOOD LIFE..

I DON'T WEAVE PLOTS, I DON'T CHAIN CHAINS. WHEN LIFE IS SIMPLE, IT IS LONG! ON MY ROAD IMMORTALS PASS AND COMMENT ON YELLOW WRITINGS!
HERE YOU ARE, AT LAST!
IMMORTAL PRIEST! PLEASE TAKE ME AS YOUR DISCIPLE!
BE ON YOUR WAY FILTHY BEAST! I AM NOT IMMORTAL AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO BE IMMORTAL!
ARGHHH! THEN WHY DO YOU SING THAT WAY? HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OKAY, OKAY, I'LL... AAH! TELL YOU! AN IMMORTAL WHO LIVES BY MY CABIN TAUGHT ME THAT VERSE! "SING THIS SONG WHEN YOU HAVE WORRIES," HE TOLD ME. I HAVE PLENTY OF WORRIES, SO I SING IT CONSTANTLY!
IF THE IMMORTAL LIVES NEAR YOU, WHY WON'T YOU TAKE HIM AS YOUR TEACHER? YOU CAN LEARN HOW TO LIVE FOREVER!
MONDO CANE!
I HAVE AN OLD MOTHER MANY SISTERS... I'M WITHOUT A PENNY I HAVE NOTHING TO EAT I CUT WOOD AND SELL IT FOR A HANDFUL OF RICE... I HAVE NO TIME FOR MAGIC!
STRANGE, HE NEVER EVEN THANKED ME! ME! I RID HIM OF A LIFE WITH LITTLE HONOR AND CERTAINLY NO REWARD!

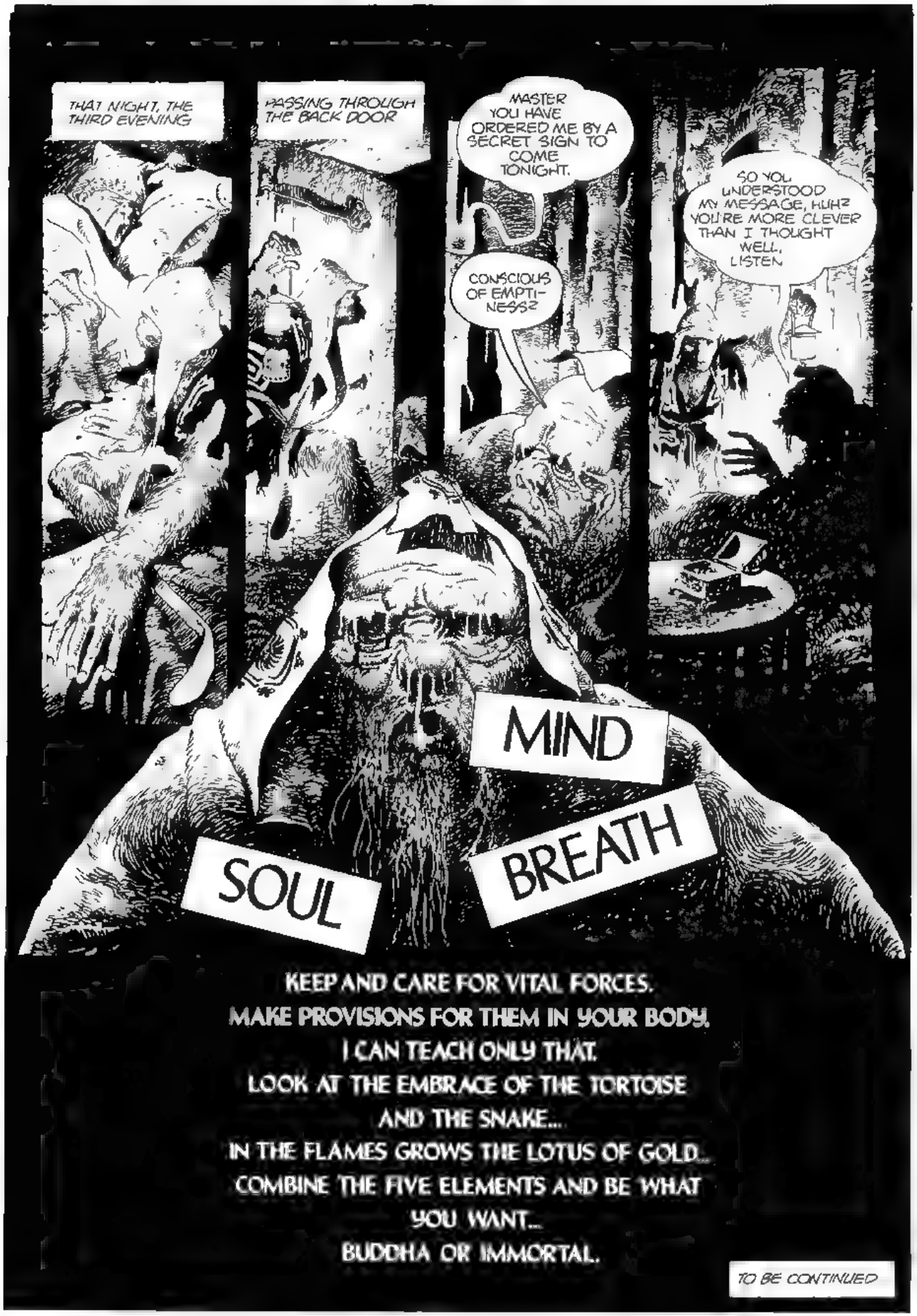
GROTTO OF THE OBLIQUE MOON, THE SACRED TERRACE, AND THE THREE STARS ON THE MOUNTAIN.
DOCTOR IN
MY GOD! WHAT AN IMPORTANT MOMENT FOR ME BUT I'M REALLY HUNGRY!
I'LL PUT IMMORTALITY ASIDE FOR A MOMENT!
WHO'S THERE?
DOCTO IN
O, MAGIC CHILD. I'M A STUDENT WHO'S COME TO LEARN ABOUT IMMORTALITY. I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS MAKING ANY NOISE!
I SEE! GOOD COME IN! THE OLD MAN ASKED ME TO WATCH FOR YOU!
BUT HOW DID HE KNOW THAT I WAS COMING? CLAIRVOYANCE?
NO. CLOSED CIRCUIT TV!

MASTER, I PRESENT TO YOU THE HUMBLE RESPECTS OF A STUDENT!
A NAME GIVE HIM A NAME YOU'LL INTRODUCE YOURSELF THEN BUT FIRST, THE NAME THE NAME!
THEY'VE GOT TEN RID OF RELIGION IN SCHOOLS AND THIS IS THE RESULT! ANOTHER YOUNG MYSTIC WHO'S COME TO BOTHER US HERE AT THE CONVENT!
HERE! LEAVE THE MASTER IN PEACE! WE'LL THINK OF A RITUAL NAME FOR THIS BEAST!

THERE ARE TWELVE CLASSES OF DISCIPLES THEY ARE
GREAT BIG, WISE, SKILLFUL, CONFORMING, OCEAN, LIVING, CONSCIOUS, PERFECT, ENLIGHTENED, SINCERE, AND, UH, ATTRACTIVE! YES, ATTRACTIVE!
SINCE YOU ARE OF THE EIGHTH CLASS, YOU MUST HAVE THE WORD "CONSCIOUS" IN YOUR NAME.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CALLING HIM CONSCIOUS OF EMPTINESS?
MAGNIFICENT! FROM THIS MOMENT ON, I SHALL BE CONSCIOUS OF EMPTINESS AND NOW WHAT MUST I DO?
YES! YES! YES! I WILL DO IT! I WILL DO IT!
CLEAN, DUST, REARRANGE, TALK ONLY WHEN QUESTIONED, AND
STOP MAKING SO MUCH NOISE!
THREE SUMMERS
THREE WINTERS
THREE SPRINGS
LIFE IS A GREAT WAY A RIVER!
OH, MAJESTY WHAT BEAUTIFUL WORDS!

SCHLAFF
CON-SCIOUS OF EMPTINESS! HOW DARE YOU DISTURB MY LESSON?
LIFE IS A RIVER. A RIVER IS MADE OF WATER
I'VE SPILLED THE WATER. THUS, HERE IS LIFE!
FINISHED! FINISHED LIKE LIFE!
WHAT SORT OF WISDOM DO YOU HOPE TO LEARN FROM ME, CONSCIOUS OF EMPTINESS?
ANYTHING. TEACH ME WHAT YOU WILL!
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY ABOUT NATURAL PHILOSOPHY? CONFUCIUS, LAO-TZE, DUALISM. READ THE WRITINGS, RECITE SOME PRAYERS, AND THEN
WILL I LIVE FOREVER?

AND AFTER QUIETISM THERE IS TEMPERATE DIET, INERTIA, MEDITATION, ABSTENTION, PROSTRATE AND STANDING YOGA...
HM... WILL THAT MAKE ME IMMORTAL?
HERE ARE THE EXERCISES GET YIN AND JOIN IT TO YANG, STRETCH THE BOW AND LOAD THE CATAPULT, RUB THE NAVEL, EXHALE
AND ETERNAL LIFE?
MISERABLE APE! YOU MUST STUDY TO ACHIEVE IMMORTALITY! LIVING IS NOT MADE UP OF BANANAS AND PAPAYAS!!!
HANG ON, WAIT A MINUTE... THE SCIENCE OF THE IMMORTALS IS VERY DIFFICULT TO ASCERTAIN
...THE MASTER ... TER R BUT ... IPSE ... KUN WHO KNOW WHEN HE WILL START TEACHING AGAIN. IT'S YOUR FAULT! WHAT WISDOM ARE YOU SEARCHING FOR, IF WE MAY ASK?
THREE FINGERS BEHIND THE BACK. THAT'S CLEAR!
LEAVE THEM TO THEIR HYSTERICS, POOR DUMBS! I UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE OF THE SECRET SIGNS!


THAT NIGHT, THE THIRD EVENING
PASSING THROUGH THE BACK DOOR
MASTER YOU HAVE ORDERED ME BY A SECRET SIGN TO COME TONIGHT.
CONSCIOUS OF EMPTI-NESS?
SO YOU UNDERSTOOD MY MESSAGE, HUH? YOU'RE MORE CLEVER THAN I THOUGHT WELL, LISTEN
MIND
SOUL
BREATH
KEEP AND CARE FOR VITAL FORCES.
MAKE PROVISIONS FOR THEM IN YOUR BODY.
I CAN TEACH ONLY THAT.
LOOK AT THE EMBRACE OF THE TORTOISE AND THE SNAKE...
IN THE FLAMES GROWS THE LOTUS OF GOLD...
COMBINE THE FIVE ELEMENTS AND BE WHAT YOU WANT...
BUDDHA OR IMMORTAL.
TO BE CONTINUED

Ah, those Brothers Hildebrandt!

2

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Baltard 3

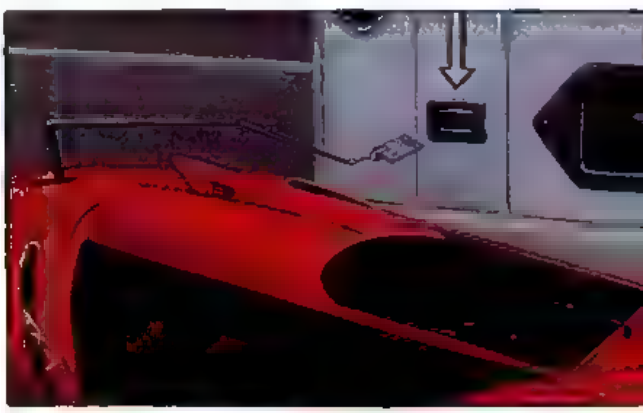
"Baltard 3 is famous for its belfry, domed buildings, and city square." Who are they kidding? All cities are alike! They can keep their damned city...who needs them? If they want me out, I'll go!

Wait a second! Why should I surrender? This city is as much mine as it is theirs! Where do they come off kicking me out?

Well, I'm going back there...and to think, I didn't even resist them! I don't care if all cities look alike or not...Baltard 3 is my town!

I was just a kid when Pop and Kress left. Boy, was I jealous! Later on, when was with Maraya, we dreamed of fantastic voyages...

...but they were definitely only dreams...we loved the city way too much. I met Maraya four years ago near the Great Square. Together we ran through the city...we hit every level and every gallery. The streets possessed the sweet scent of her perfume...echoed her voice...

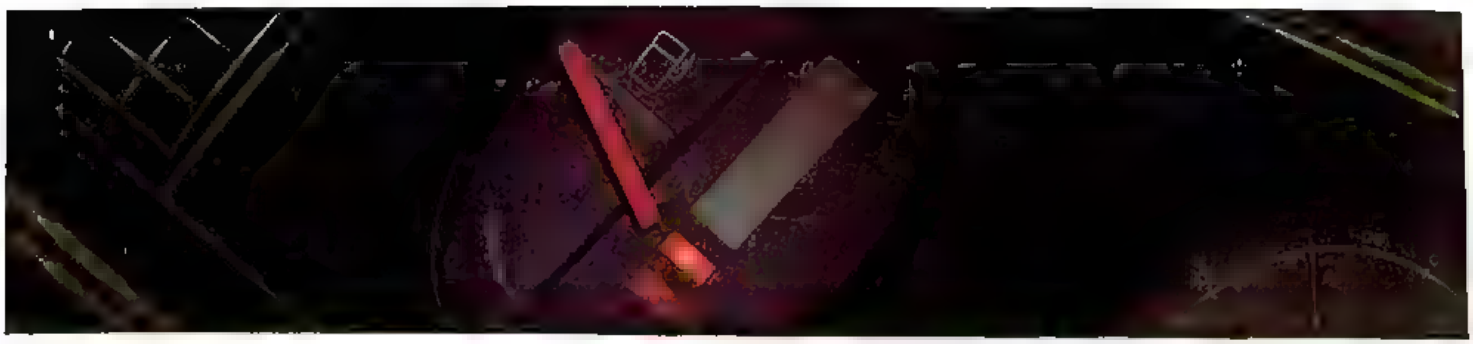


Shit! The bastards demagnetized my entry card. Maybe this one's down...let me try another one!

There's the dome! Kress and Pop lived right next door! Right near the gallery where I first met Maraya...

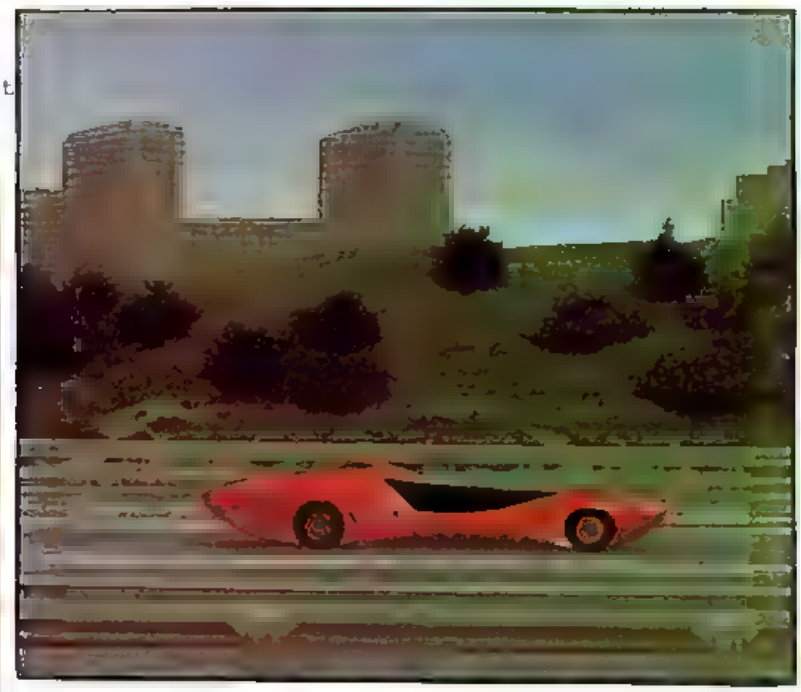
...and to the right of that...the square. And the club! Oh, how we used to make love in the pool and in the sauna and in the solarium, if I remember correctly! It's all coming back to me now...we were swimming there the last time I saw her...the inspectors came and they asked for my card...they must have done something to it then. But Maraya saw everything...

Shit! Not again!...why didn't she say anything? Her father is a prominent member of the community. He would have been able to...



...what am I saying? Her father is nothing more than a clerk at the license bureau. He couldn't have helped me out at all...

But, good God...what could they reproach me for? I paid my taxes, I never made any "social" gaffs--well, just one or two, but they were trifles. There must be some sort of plot against me!

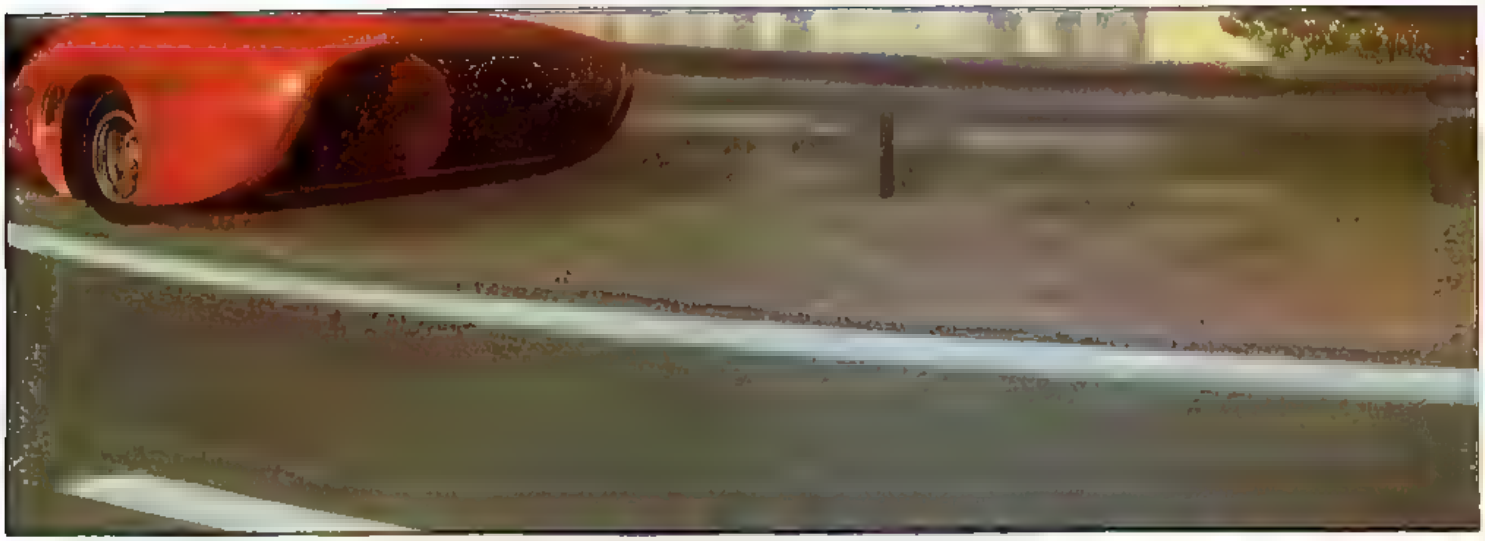


The bastards. Now they're refusing me gas! Well, screw them...I have a good hour left, I'll try the Southern door.

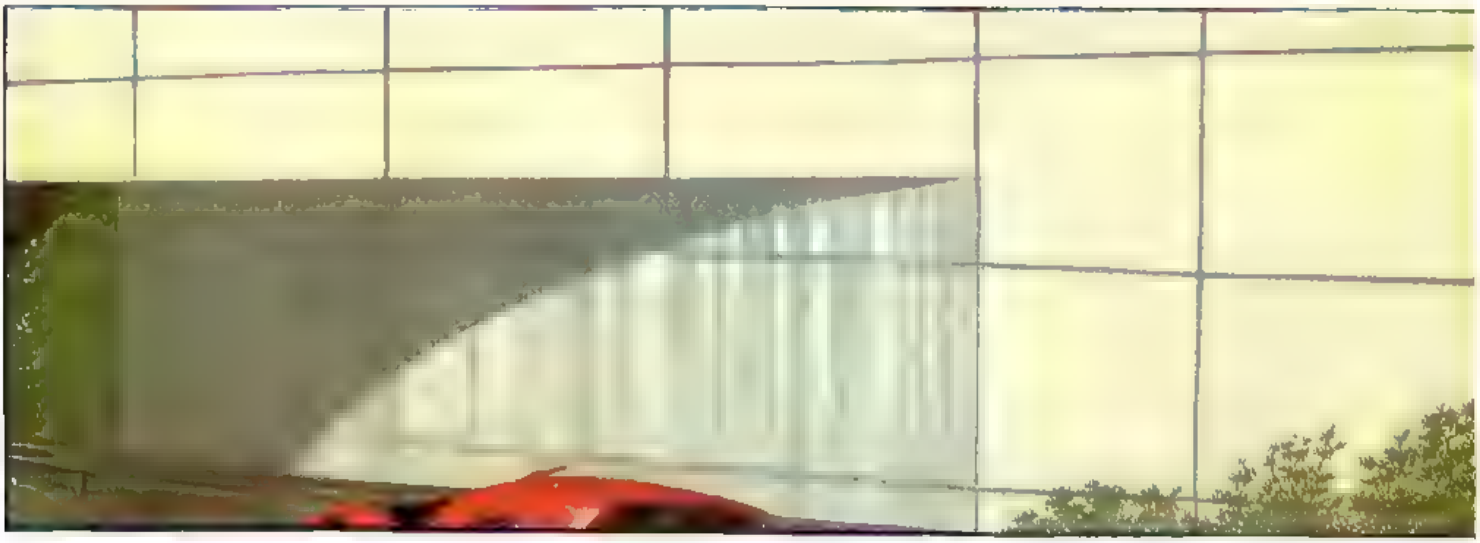
Not valid! Not valid! And again not valid! Shit! If they're not going to let me back in, the least they could do is give me enough gas to get to the next town.

Well, that's it...the car's dry. I guess I'll have to go on foot. I'll return to this damned city, and there will be hell to pay!

Good God. .they've trapped me. Can't get into the city...no gas anyway... can't get out of my car...



Why won't they let me out of here? I've been condemned...condemned to death. Did they do this to Pop and Kress when they left? I'm delirious...this whole thing is crazy...it can't really be happening to me.



The heat! The windows won't open...my skin...there are little green things crawling on my skin! They're eating me alive! Let me out...I'm innocent, I tell you...you must have made a mistake. It's not me you want!

Oh, Maraya...how could you let them do this to me? How I miss you. Your smile and, yes, your touch...and your soft skin. How could you? HOW? HOW? What? What's that you said? I can't hear you! Oh, Maraya....

fin

ADVANCED VIDEOLOGY
THE MUSIC/VIDEO INTERFACE

Interface: dimensional plane where two different systems act upon and communicate with each other. Computers have been doing it for years. Now, music and video are into the act and it's the hottest merger on the market—sound and pictures chattering away to each other in a language that has never been heard before. A secret language—like the communication between twins barely recognizable or understood. Only through the most striking works of leading imagicians (music video artists) can traces and peeks into this pulsating, visual, linguistic phenomenon be revealed.

The vidspeak—videology—is a micro-tongue. An intensification of vision with beat breaking into carnal contact with the eye. Forget the large screen facial close-up seen from film theater seats—TV brings the close-up right into our living rooms. Now video brings the ECU –the extreme close-up– just the pupil, right in front of our noses—immediately into the bedrooms of our minds with an urgency that touches the same synapses that dance to rock 'n' roll.

The imagicians speak the language, discard it, and build a new language with every work they create. There is no dictionary—they write it as they work. But most react to an overglowing quality of video which has a perceptual effect—*immediacy*. Award winning British video director Russell Mulcahy (*Rubes Video*, Bette Davis Eyes, Kim Carnes' "View") –Ultravox– describes immediacy as a look that is "not real...glossy, untouchable. Film is very secure and has a warming effect, whereas video has an other-worldliness about it."

American imagician/auteur Todd Rundgren (*The Planets*, "Time Heals," "Rock Love") expresses it as "an immediate look versus film which has the look of a document." Kit Fitzgerald, 50 percent of the Sanborn and Fitzgerald producing/directing duet that has created [illegible] video experiments (*The Lesson*, "Ear to the Ground" "Siberia") says simply, "Video is immediate, responsive, and integrates [illegible]" Examples of image described as "cartoony" and as a "cut out" effect by another American imagician the highly original auteur Tom Bavil ("Cross eyed and Painless," "Once in a Lifetime" "Word of Mouth").

Videology—watch hordes of cloaked people in a fog opening [illegible] that burst into flames. Silhouetted hero emerging out of a reflective pool [illegible] surprise of a child of the damned. A smiling, Bogey hatted figure bearing on city streets with tympany faces. All symbolic visual images inspired by music – *beatraphors* – springing from the music-video interface.

Beatraphors are being accepted and comprehended by viewers in a way that their film counterparts have not. Films have been notoriously literal and [illegible] those that aren't are [illegible] surreal or metaphorical imagery —have rarely enjoyed the mass [illegible] finding, perhaps because music lends a quality of abstraction to video that viewers can believe. Elaborates John Sanborn: "Music is abstract so people can accept that music can carry abstract thoughts to the heart. They don't trust images alone to [illegible] receptacles for visual [illegible] never believed."

Inspiration for beatraphors [illegible] the most visual artists in the music [illegible] energetic British concept-video director whose Olivia Newton John video LP *Physical* was the first long form music video to provide the base for an American prime-time network special, explains, "I used to play, so I get ideas through the feeling of a song and perhaps [illegible] one would like 'physical.' It's not only about something completely different. It's not about a gymnasium, it's about a lady getting off on a guy and getting rude and naughty, but I obviously wouldn't do anything like that because it wouldn't get shown. So we took [illegible]

BY ALAN HECHT

Video animation by Todd Rundgren and Woody Wilson for the Rundgren-directed *The Planets*, set to Tomita's synthesized version of Gustav Holst's symphony ©1980 Utopia Video Corp

Toni Basil goes Venetian in her *Word of Mouth* video LP

From *The Lesson*, directed by Robert Ashley, John Sanborn, and Kit Fitzgerald, music by Robert Ashley. Courtesy Performing Artservices.

David Van Tiegham beats his way over a mailbox in the Sanborn/Fitzgerald-directed "Ear to the Ground" (Antarctica)

played a little story about it."

Russell Mulcahy, now Grant's partner, draws his musical fantasy from another source. "A lot of my images and story lines come along in dreams, more daydreams than anything else. I think everybody uses past dreams as a reference library for images." Asked about a specific image—the "Afghan rebel"-type creatures that keep rising up in his work, he responds, "I'm a great fan of Lovecraft, and he wrote about the Old Ones, the race that lived under the sea and earth and at any stage a person could open themselves up and make them come out again. I keep daydreaming about them coming out of the ground . . it's such a creepy image . . holes in the earth and slimy creatures crawling out of them."

Continuity logic, the conceptual connection between images, links beataphors. Surreal or abstract, beataphors can be connected by either narrative or fantasy continuity logic. Suggests Grant, "You can do things surrealistically, where it's just a pile of images that don't necessarily have to mean too much, but which stand on their own and people can read into them what they like. Or you can tell a story." But in using narrative continuity logic rather than fantasy logic, both Mulcahy and Grant still do not interpret music literally, even in songs that are stories. "You have to bend the images around and show them either before or after the lyric, not on the lyric itself," Grant muses. "That's another way to keep from the literal."

Grant and Mulcahy are part of an emerging British school of imagicians who emphasize beataphors (especially surrealistic ones), have a "new look" (which Todd Rundgren calls "treated"), and create interpretive concept videos that edit picture to match sound. British imagician auteur David Bowie and director David Mallet are other members of the school whose collaboration has produced memorable images. In "Ashes to Ashes," they transpose Bowie's clown-costumed persona via colorizers and image processors to create stunning, surrealistic beataphors linked by fantasy logic. Bowie and Mallet's work doesn't illuminate the music at all, and probably doesn't try. Rather, they expand and breathe into the music with the effect of added depth and visual repeatability.

In contrast, imagicians Sanborn and Fitzgerald lead an American school of visualization with antecedents in TV news, sports, and seminal video artist Nam June Paik. Recently completing music-videos of Hendrix's version of "Wild Thing" and three songs from the new King Crimson LP, the duo find their images from the "messages and themes in the music" and then "start with real images and work to make an abstract statement." Always stretching the possibilities of video technology, they grasp real images produced through minicam location shooting and/or preexisting "found images" from TV or film documentaries, then process and layer them to evolve beataphors that have a visceral, primal and fantastical nature—images that let us bathe in electronic wonder. Consider their "Siberia," by Love of Life Orchestra—white wastelands and signposts merging and emerging into and out of abstractions, outlines and radiant color. Unlike the fantasy continuity logic of the British S&F feel their continuity logic is always narrative. "We're story tellers—even if we only get as far as 'once upon a time'."

Sanborn and Fitzgerald's collaboration with avant garde composer Robert Ashley on *The Lesson* stands as a testament to original imagery. Layering what they call "landscapes," "portrait," "abstract," and "performance" pictures, they have, together with Ashley, created a work which suggests life beyond beataphors. In part of *The Lesson* the picture is lifted slightly to allow another to run under it, while others float by. Hands play across a piano and abstract grids guard the surface, all to singing multi-tracked sound effects, music, and dialogue. It's the richest (and at times most confusing) video imagery around.

While the British search key images and daydreams, and S&F transmit messages through processing, Toni Basil goes for the beat. "I get my inspiration and images from the rhythm and the beat, not the lyrics. I mean, in "Mickey," my hit, there was just this stomping and clapping, and then I had it—the cheerleader image." In "Mickey," Basil and her troupe bounce across the screen as new-wave cheerlead-

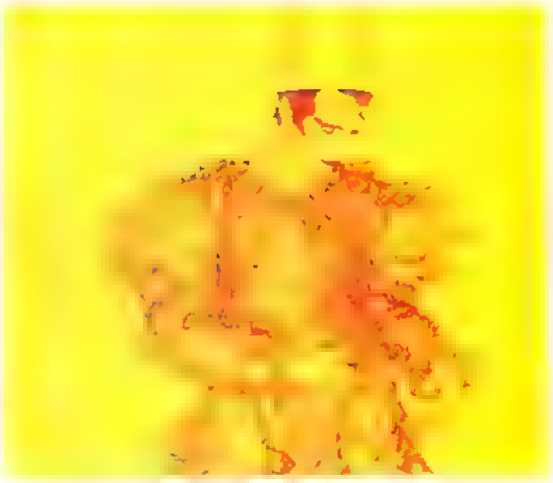
ers, doing for video dance what Fosse did for film. Basil's rhythm based approach, which stems from her background as a dancer and choreographer, confuses people. "People come up to me and say they have a song which is perfect for me because it's so *visual*...a girl is walking down the street and this object falls down on her head from a skyscraper, and, well, it just doesn't work that way for me."

Basil's *Word of Mouth* video was the culmination of years of creative preparation: acting (*Five Easy Pieces, Easy Rider*), choreographing (*The Rose, American Graffiti*), and video directing David Byrne and Talking Heads. Released on Radiachoice Records in England (the first company to issue *both* audio and video LPs by their artists), *Word of Mouth* took almost two years to hit (the title theme won out) with "Mickey," a smash single in England and Australia. Due for U. S. release this fall, *Word of Mouth* pulses and pops as Basil swings her body through routines, vignettes, and fantasies. It's not something to curl up with, but it's something you want, especially at a dancing party.

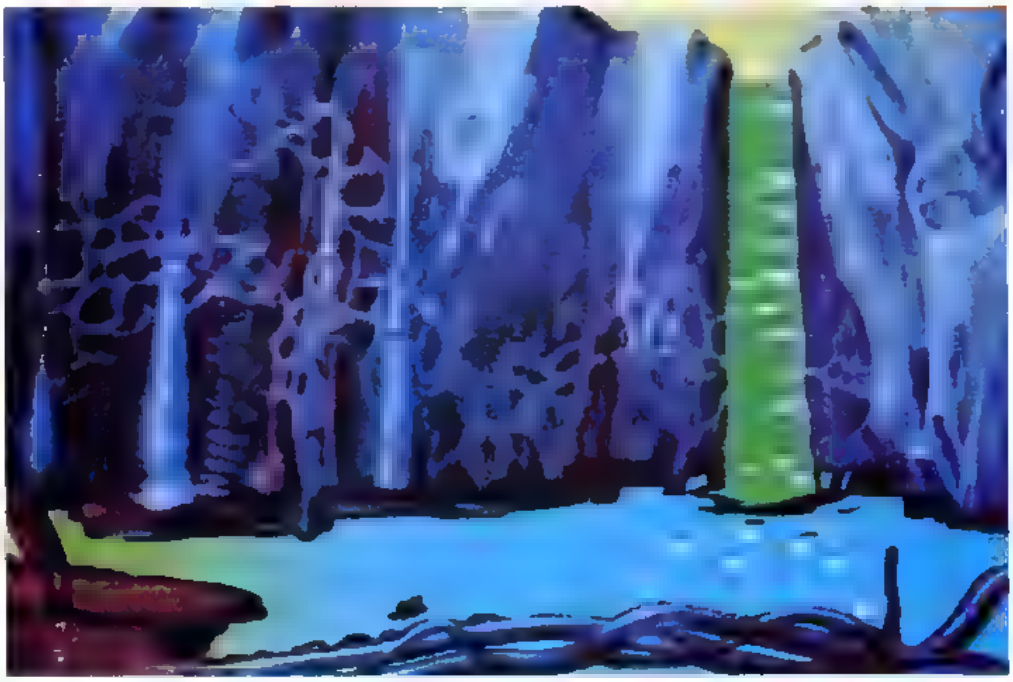
Where does videology take place? In *limbo*: weightless video space: one in which all the other video language terms can be expressed without question. Where effects parade without literal reason but instead as gripping visual metaphor. Basil's impact is also felt here. She created a "pure video" look which was born, ironically, out of economic necessity. "In dance video you have to get so many people in so large a space that it would take a thirties musical budget to light it," Basil related. "So I just set up a white cyc (blank backdrop) and flooded it with light." Limbo space resulted, an original video environment which other imagicians have expanded upon.

Strangely enough, another way of expressing the language of limbo is to actualize it, which Todd Rundgren did in his visualizations of Holst's *The Planets* (1980—unreleased due to legal problems). In this science fiction fantasy, Rundgren created video landscapes which integrated painting, sculpture, models, synthesized video effects, and live action to produce a limbo of stark, if somewhat primitive, video beauty. One which removes us from any proscenium stage, film set or lo-

Ian Anderson as Aqualung in a scene from Jethro Tull's *Slipstream* video (Chrysalis Visual Programming) directed by David Mallett.



David Bowie in Pierrot drag, from the Bowie/Mallett-directed "Ashes to Ashes" promo video.



Venusian landscape, painted for Todd Rundgren's *The Planets* by Jane Millett. ©1980 Utopia Video Corp.

Ritual daydream from *The Tubes Video* (Thorn-EMI), directed by Russell Mulcahy, music by the Tubes.

cation, and places us in a dimensional reality.

"*The Planets* took six months to put together, and it's a half-hour video," Rundgren says. "The reason was, we might take three to five hours to work on a ten-second shot, which is not unusual for someone working in film special effects, but in video, people don't take that much time." Produced at his own Utopia Video studios, the special effects have purpose and content in Rundgren's representation of a young boy's battle through the solar system and other visualized parts of the time/space continuum. Although a bit withered by age, *The Planets* was a fascinating experiment.

Videology—see it move—*infinite motion* is the last and most incredible element of the language—an intra shot experience: the ability to manipulate action in any speed, in any sequence. Intra-shot editing is an option never available to film editors because of the expense and complications of opticals and processing, versus the digitalized reality of computer editing.

Infinite motion interprets the TV language of slow motion, stop-action, and fast-forward created by sports directors of Roone (ABC) Arledge lineage. Now jump cuts, inserts, repeats, and variable speed edits take place within a shot—why? Sanborn and Fitzgerald, dazzling practitioners of infinite motion, explain: "Sports directors would use slow motion and stop-action to draw your attention to something unseen or only briefly thought about . . . that's what we do." Well, not exactly. What they do is *explode* motion. When a character raises an arm, the motion is broken into a sequence of events whereby the first 50 percent of the action is repeated twice, the next 25 percent is jump cut, and the final 25 percent played out in variable speeds, all in less than half a second. You can bet your attention is focused.

Time distortion can be considered a side effect of the language. When we see the finish of an action before the beginning, then see the middle, then almost the end, and then the beginning, time becomes relative. Perhaps it took Sanborn and Fitzgerald to bring Einstein to video.

Sanborn and Fitzgerald find it crucial that infinite motion can accentuate people's daily rhythms, including their own, creating a visual rhythm which marks their work. They believe visual rhythms are musical—and more. "We believe images edited together can be *music*." Infinite motion, then, may be considered the ultimate area of the future music-video interface—where the edit is a musical event and pictures are not cut to sound, or sound to picture, or live events recorded, but rather where *fusion* occurs—original music-videos cut collaboratively, interfaced in a type of spontaneous combustion.

"As a TV baby, video represents *live* to me, even if it's on tape. It's the immediacy I like," declares Chuck Mitchell, the perceptive director of special programs for RCA Selectavision. A video executive echoing the words of the imagicians, indications of the depth of videology's penetration. In the marketplace, music-videos have the largest potential museum in existence—television. On American cable TV, networks as diverse as MTV (twenty-four hours a day), HBO ("Video Jukebox"), Showtime ("Take Five"), the Video Music Channel, and the USA Network ("Night Flight") show videos, as do syndicated broadcast shows like "Solid Gold," and "Entertainment Tonight." European, Australian, and Japanese TV present music-videos on national prime-time chart shows. Home video companies like Warners, Pioneer, RCA, CBS, and Thorn-EMI acquire and produce long-form music-videos, while record companies continually produce short-form music videos. "Cutting edge" production centers like Vision and No Mass Studios in England, WNET TV/Lab in New York, Utopia Video in Bearsville, Pacific Arts Video in Santa Barbara, California Institute for the Arts, and New York Institute of Technology are constantly exposing the limitless potential of video technology. These phenomena—availability of production funds, exhibition space, and increased access to state-of-the-art technology—are key incentives urging imagicians to pour more originality into music-video than any other area of creative expression in the eighties.

There are no rules, no authority figures. Imagicians are on fire, the music-video interface white hot, immediate, layered with beataphors, processed, set in limbo, and roaring in infinite motion . . .

Ian Anderson and the other members of Jethro Tull wonder where their free ball is, in Tull's *Slipstream* video LP.

SUGGESTED VIDEOEYEZING

TONI BASIL
LP—*Word of Mouth* (U.S. release fall '82)
45—"Once in a Lifetime"
"Cross-Eyed and Painless" (Talking Heads)

BRIAN GRANT
LP—*Physical*, Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
45—"Pop Muzik" (M)
"Flight 19" (B. A. Robertson)

RUSSELL MULCAHY
LP—*Tubes Video* (Thorn-EMI cassette, Pioneer Laserdisc)
45—"Vienna" (Ultravox)
"The Voice" (Ultravox)
"Bette Davis Eyes" (Kim Carnes)
"Video Killed the Radio Star" (Buggles)

DAVID BOWIE/DAVID MALLET
45—"Ashes to Ashes"
"Fashion"
"DJ"

TODD RUNDGREN
LP—*The Planets* (unreleased)
45—"Rock Love" (Rundgren)
"Time Heals" (Rundgren)

SANBORN & FITZGERALD
LP—*The Lesson* w/Robert Ashley (Kitchen, available for broadcast only)
45—"Ear to the Ground" with David Van Tieghem
"Secretary" (Wayne Hays Blues-Jill Kroesen)
"Siberia" (Love of Life Orchestra)
"Long Island" (Love of Life Orchestra) (All on Antarctica)

MICHAEL NESMITH
LP—*Elephant Parts* (Pacific Arts Video)

DEVO/CHUCK STATLER
LP—*Men Who Make the Music* (Warner Bros.)

GODLEY-CREME
45—"Wide Boys" (Godley-Creme)
"Mind of a Toy" (Visage)
"Girls on Film" (Duran, Duran R-rated version)
"I Wanna Be Free" (Toyah)

Antarctica videos are distributed by Electronic Arts Intermix, 84 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011

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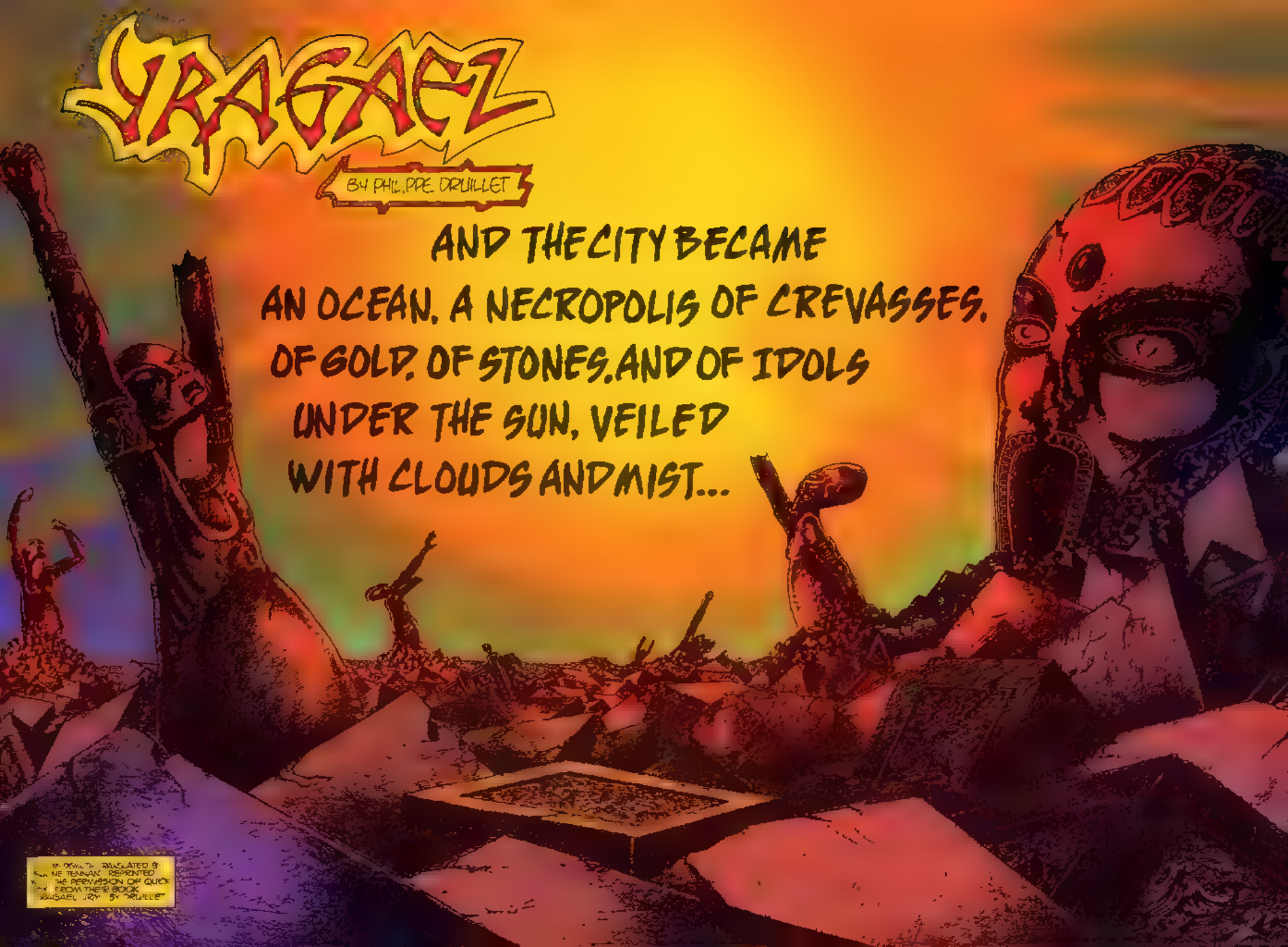

RAGAEL
BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET
AND THE CITY BECAME
AN OCEAN, A NECROPOLIS OF CREVASSES,
OF GOLD, OF STONES, AND OF IDOLS
UNDER THE SUN, VEILED
WITH CLOUDS AND MIST...

AND THE ERRANT CARAVAN OF EMBLEMS, FACES, ARMS, AND OF TOTEMS SPREAD OVER THE DESERT WHICH REMAINED OF LIFE AND OF HATRED IN CEMEROON

CREATURES OF CHAOS··· YOU DARE TO TEAR THE EARTH··· YOU WANT NIGHT···YOU CALL FOR FIRE··YOU STRIKE A KINGDOM··· THERE WHERE MY EYE SEES ··· ALL THAT IS PAST···
·GODS OF AVARICE AND CAPRICE ·TO PROFANE WHAT YOU HAVE CREATED ·YOU SHALL HAVE LIGHT ·YOU SHALL HAVE OCEAN ·I SHALL RAISE AN EMPIRE ·YOU DO NOT EXIST ·NOTHING HAS BEGUN

BETWEEN THE WALLS OF THE INVERTED STREETS,
BETWEEN THE MOUTHS OF THE OVERTHROWN GODS,
HE GAINED ACCESS TO THE NEW DOOR THROUGH
WHICH HE LOST HIMSELF... IN THE DESERT...

This is the story of the fall of the last empire on earth, of the ultimate domain still to bear the stamp of the creator gods who assisted at the hatching of the universe.

This concerns the city of Spharain, dried-up heart of the kingdom of Cemeroon which ruled for long between east and west and whose sovereigns, mindless or great, possessed or deified, were all the heirs of the Vision and of the fixation which said that the Eye of the Cosmos, the initial round slag of the great furnace of the worlds, rested on this face of the earth called Cemeroon.

Of this Eye, the Vortex was the pupil pit of nothingness and of stars opened on the past but the future too, tunnel, temple, and cemetery.

According to certain wandering priests from the lost cities of Cemeroon: Karzell, Menastree, Ivegorne, the Vortex was only the sign of the prophecy which foretold the whirlwind of the end of all times, of the revolt of the peaceful dragons of Cemeroon, the prelude to chaos.

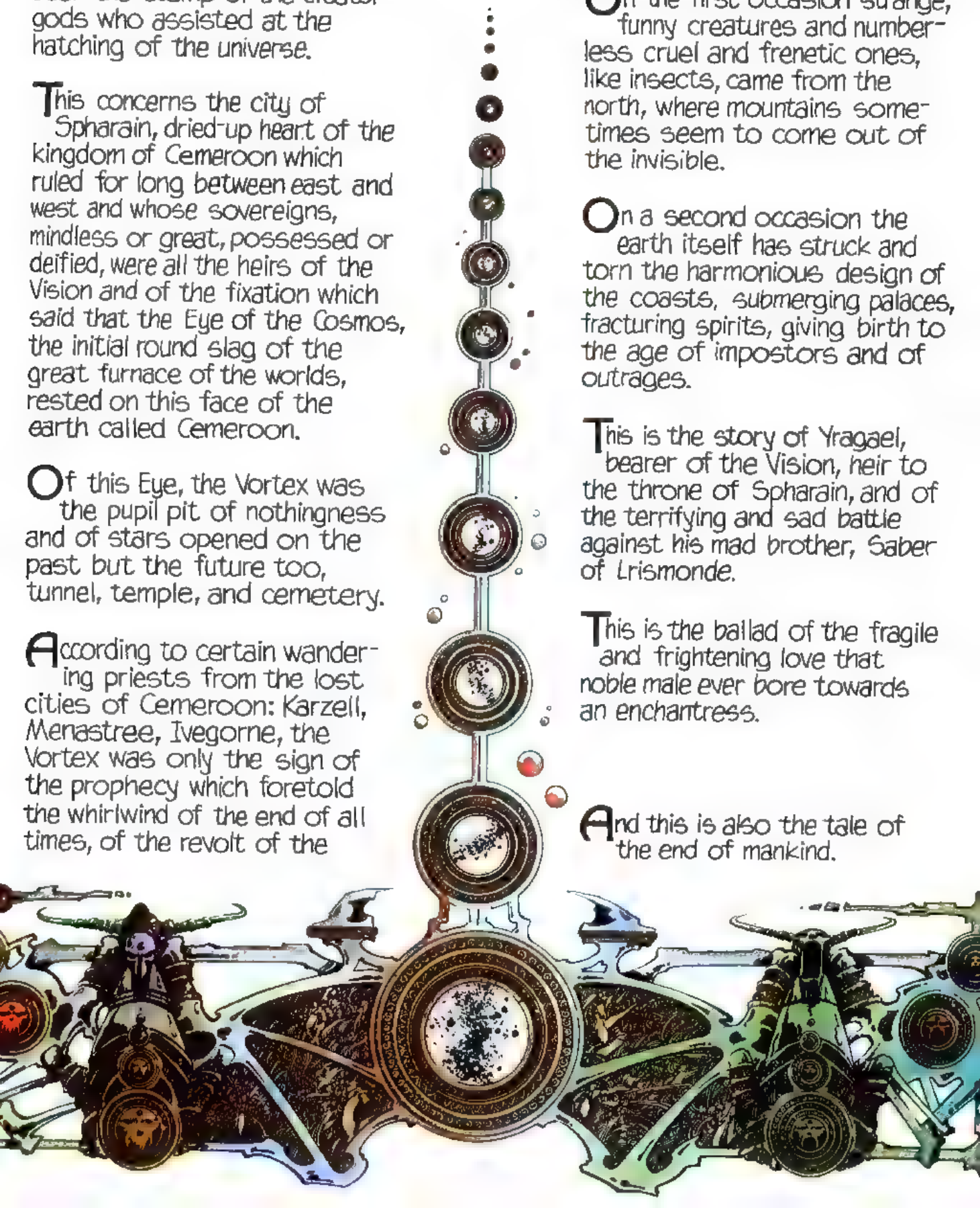
On the first occasion strange, funny creatures and numberless cruel and frenetic ones, like insects, came from the north, where mountains sometimes seem to come out of the invisible.

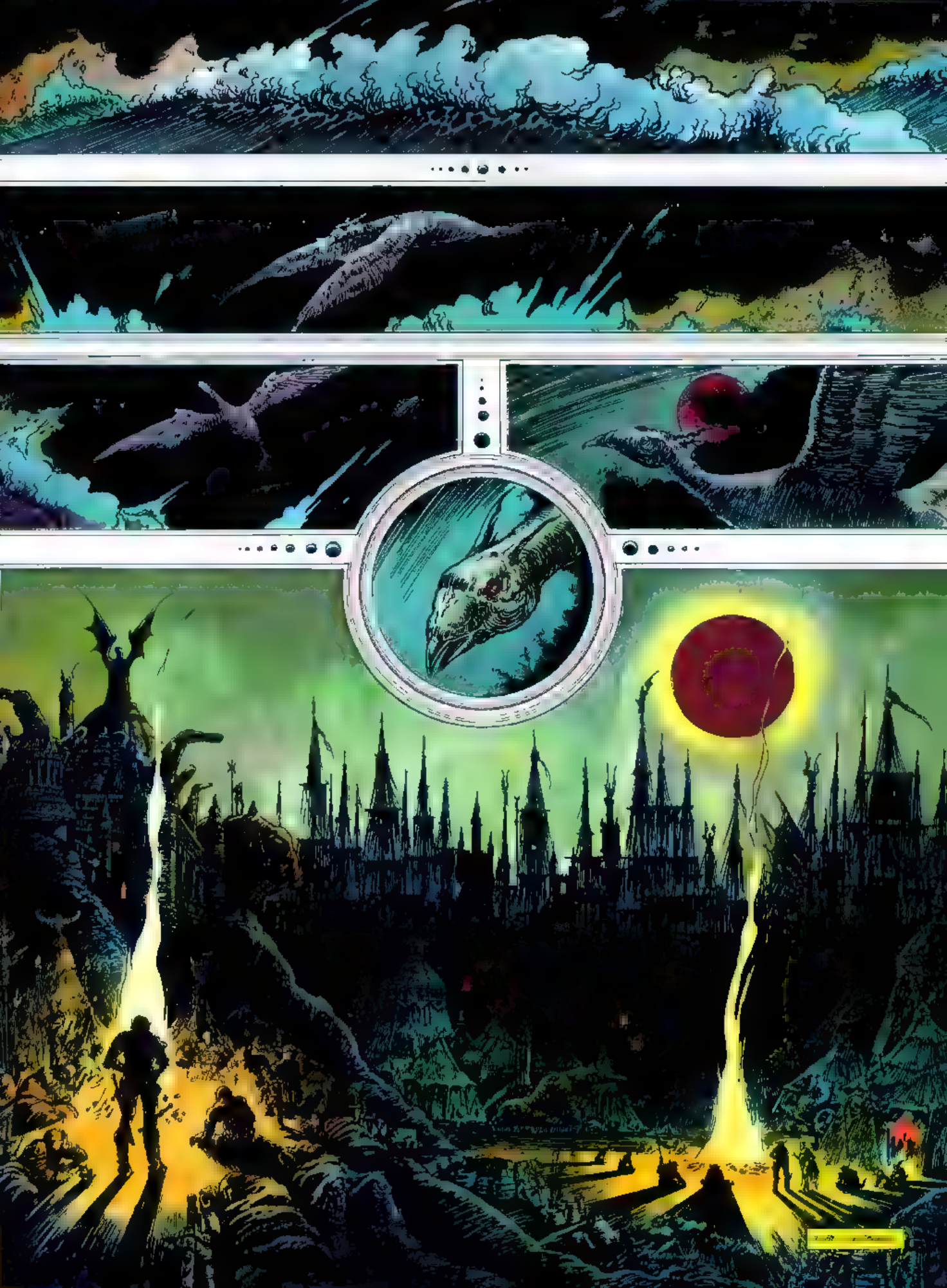
On a second occasion the earth itself has struck and torn the harmonious design of the coasts, submerging palaces, fracturing spirits, giving birth to the age of impostors and of outrages.

This is the story of Yragael, bearer of the Vision, heir to the throne of Spharain, and of the terrifying and sad battle against his mad brother, Saber of Lrismonde.

This is the ballad of the fragile and frightening love that noble male ever bore towards an enchantress.

And this is also the tale of the end of mankind.





I'M AGE
© J JONES 1982
PSST. DID YOU MAKE A WISH?
YES
THAT'S JUST MAKE-BELIEVE YOU KNOW IT DOESN'T WORK.
WHAT DID YOU WISH FOR?
MORE DANDELIONS
© JEFFREY JONES 1982

BARSOOM!

or, Tremble Not, My Naked Princess!
or, Who Was that Mighty Swordsman in the Leather Harness?

Thuvia, Maid of Mars

by Richard A. Lupoff Illustrated by Clyde Caldwell

Iowa urchins sneaking off to thrill to the yarns in *All-Story Weekly*, urban Arabs, tired businessmen, and unliberated women who snuck glances at the male-oriented pulp magazines, certainly got their charge from this stuff. The year was 1912. They were reading the first published work of a new author, Norman Bean, "Under the Moons of Mars."

That was the magazine version. The author was really more interested in beautiful princesses than in hurtling rocks, and for the story's book version he retitled the saga *A Princess of Mars*. Under that title it's still alive and kicking.

"Norman Bean," of course, was Edgar Rice Burroughs. The odd pseudonym was the unfortunate result of an unsuccessful pun. Burroughs had meant it to be "Normal Bean"—"Sane Head." When a proofreader did him the "favor" of changing Normal to Norman, Ed gave up and went back to his real monicker.

Who was this Burroughs/Bean guy anyhow?

He was a Midwestern business flop, washout onetime soldier, pots-and-pans peddler, magazine staff-man, advertising checker, military academy teacher, railroad cop, goldminer himself, onetime cowboy, ex-proprietor of a sundries shop and bookstore in Pocatello, Idaho. Pushing middle age by now. He wrote *A Princess of Mars* in 1911. It was serialized in '12.

He lived what we might politely term a

vivid fantasy life.

The baby was crying, Mama had another in the oven, Papa was broke and out of work. He used to lie there at night. Visions of unpaid bills danced in his head. A lot pleasanter to fantasize.

Gee, if he could only be something glamorous. How's about a cavalry captain? Rid ing his sleek mount across the arid Arizona plains, fighting fierce savages, searching for gold.

Where do we go from there?

What happens after the Arizona schtick?

Whoo!

Jump to the angry red planet. Grumpy green Martians up to *here*! Ten, twelve, fifteen feet high. With tusks no less. Funny ears. No hair. Six limbs.

Lots of room for excitement there, plenty of swordplay and adventure. Hmm, but kind of lacking in the potential for (to put it delicately) love interest. Read carefully. Burroughs seemed to be edging in that direction for awhile, but he couldn't quite bring himself. . .

Green folks had their limitations; bring in some *red* ones.

Convenient, too, that nobody wandered around Mars (they called it *Barsoom*) overburdened with bulky clothes. In fact, the custom tended more towards going around in the buff.

Burroughs's Martians didn't much favor anti-weapons laws. In fact it was customary to keep at least a longsword and a shortsword handy, not to mention a little pigsticker concealed here or there in case of emergency, and if you aren't outfitted

with any togs, you might find it handy to deck your body with an assortment of straps, hooks, scabbards, and the like.

Frees up the hands for more urgent tasks, don't you see?

So, bring on the *red* Martians. We start off with a prisoner of the grumpy green giants, one Dejah Thoris, who turns out to be the daughter of the biggest Jeddak (emperor) on the whole planet. John Carter, intrepid earthman and hero of Burroughs's Martian novels, tells us about this princess: "...the sight which met my eyes was that of a slender, girlish figure, similar in every detail to the earthly women of my past life.... Her skin was of a light reddish copper color, against which the crimson glow of her cheeks and the ruby of her beautifully molded lips shone with a strangely enhancing effect."

Okay. Got some more?

"She was as destitute of clothes as the green Martians who accompanied her; indeed, save for her highly wrought ornaments she was entirely naked, nor could any apparel have enhanced the beauty of her perfect and symmetrical figure."

You betcha, pal!

Ed provided Barsoom with a complete history, geography, zoology, botany, economy, technology. The works. At no time forgetting to keep the landscape well populated with gorgeously undraped women, most of whom he generously furnished with perfect and symmetrical figures.

Well, why not?

Not only did he scatter the landscape with

green folks and red folks, but also (in due course) with yellow, black, and white folks, plus plant-men, six-limbed giant apes, rats, dogs, and horses. Plus some bizarre, ucky creatures something like a cross between a crab and a tick, that specialized in riding around on the shoulders of a race of headless, brainless humans.

Not to mention ray-powered "fliers," aircraft that swooped or zoomed or wobbled their way through the thin Barsoomian atmosphere while sword-plying soldiers swarmed their decks and polished up their grapnels and belaying pins.

Those green nomads of the dead sea bottoms also had some advanced weapons—rifles that fired radium bullets, guided by radar sights, with a range of miles, and with solar detonators. Funny to think of those gigantic gunks with radium-powered rifles at their disposal, fighting it out with broadswords.

Or is it? Ever see a photo of a U.S. infantryman walking guard duty over an atomic howitzer with a fixed bayonet on the rifle on his shoulder?

One thing about the s*x in Burroughs's Barsoomian books (or for that matter, in any of his others)—there's nothing explicit there that could turn an Iowa schoolmarm gray, even in 1912.

Nothing explicit.

But there was plenty below the surface, and not too far below the surface at that.

You have to judge any creative work against the milieu in which the author/art-

ist/whatever worked. You just don't expect Rembrandt and Dali and Lichtenstein to do the same work. You don't expect the same kind of script from Euripedes, Ben Jonson, and John Carpenter.

So what kind of world was it that Burroughs worked in?

He started writing "Under the Moons"/*A Princess of Mars* in 1911.

It wasn't exactly the Victorian age any more. The old lady had been dead for ten years. Her son Edward, that notorious rakehell and perennial Prince of Wales, had reigned for nine years and then he, too, died. *His* son Georgie had just come to the throne when E.R.B. was dreaming up Dejah Tee and Johnny See.

But who gives a damn about who was king of England anyhow? Burroughs was a Chicago boy, American to the marrow. Fatso Billy Taft was president of the U.S., and Teddy Roosevelt, who had handpicked Taft as his successor three years before, was preparing to hand*un*pick him and resume the presidency.

Tops-in-pops music that year ran the gamut from Irving Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band" to "Woodman, Woodman, Spare that Tree!" There was also "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" and "Oh You Beautiful Doll."

Hottest book of the year was Clarence Mulford's *Hopalong Cassidy*. Hottest tickets on Broadway were "The Blue Bird" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." And in San Francisco the board of censors closed some

thirty-two motion pictures, including *The Black Viper* and *Maggie, the Dock Rat.*

Thing is, during that age of Victorian repression—which was when Burroughs was raised, albeit before he wrote—when they put pants on piano legs and wore flannel bags to bed so their limbs would not be exposed, s*x didn't cease to exist. Little boys and girls wondered where they came from, and even if their elders told 'em about fairies and cabbages, the little ones must have figured out something better or eventually there would have been no more little girls and boys.

Contemporary books like *My Secret Life* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and later books like *The Other Victorians* tell a very different story than the sanitized "official" version put out by the upper crust. But even the "acceptable" literature of the day was jammed with sublimated sexuality.

Old Sir Henry Rider Haggard, greatest of the grand Victorian romancers, was full of it. Look at his books: *She, King Solomon's Mines, Montezuma's Daughter,* and scores of others. They're full of nudity, of gloriously shining women, sweaty, muscular men, love-goddesses and love-slaves.

And along came Ed Burroughs who poured *his* frustrations and repressions into *his* stories, and out came naked princesses and supermacho warriors in leather harnesses.

In between volumes of the long Barsoomian saga, Burroughs worked away at other books, turning out Tarzan novels and westerns and more science fiction like *The Moon*

Maid and *The Land That Time Forgot* and the Amtorian saga, about one Carson Napier who travels to Venus and discovers a planet of beautiful princesses, monstrous creatures, and leering villains. And the splendid Pellucidar series, *At the Earth's Core* and its sequels, the adventures of David Innes of Connecticut in the strange timeless region that lies 500 miles straight down through the crust of the planet. (Would you believe that it's full of beautiful women who don't wear much clothing?)

But science fiction fans in Burroughs's day put Barsoom at the top of their reading lists. And Burroughs's day was a long one. "Under the Moons of Mars" was the first story Burroughs ever sold, and the first to see print. Followed by *Tarzan of the Apes* and all the rest. But *Llana of Gathol*, the tenth and final Martian novel, was the *last* of Burroughs's works to be published before he died in 1950.

He opened his act with Barsoom, and he closed it the same way. Make what you will of that.

All of the Martian novels have their moments—moments that sizzle and live in the reader's mind, that illustrators have loved for decades. The earliest Burroughs illustrators: Frank Schoonover, J. Allen St. John, the distinguished N.C. Wyeth, the famous Hal Foster. And the later ones: Reed Crandall, Al Williamson, Frank Frazetta. The strange, surrealistic Mahlon Blaine, whose drawings in the Canaveral Press editions of the 1960s are like nothing else you've ever seen.

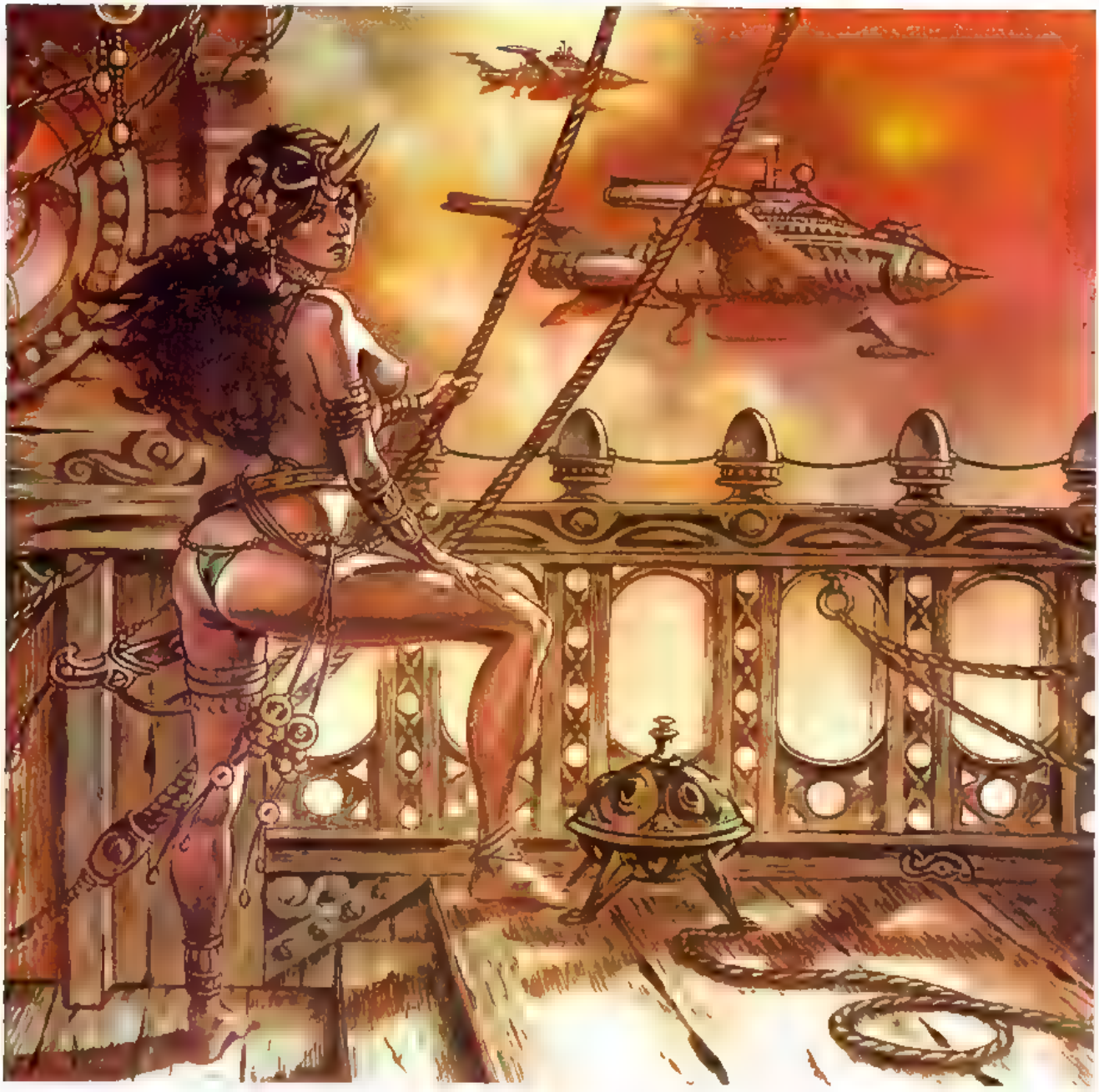
Hey, and this guy Caldwell is good! His paintings capture much of the color and the spirit of exoticism that pervade the Barsoomian books. But I think, beyond that, that Caldwell expresses the sexuality that runs through Burroughs better than any earlier illustrator.

In those earlier days, of course, there was a question of what an illustrator could get away with. I'm sure you've seen cover paintings from the 1940s and fifties or even later with bits of drapery, hardware, or anything else handy—conveniently intervening twixt viewer's eye and character's anatomy.

Virgil Finlay, one of the greatest of the

The Warlord of Mars

The Gods of Mars



Llana of Gathol

pulp illustrators, used to send up screens of shimmering bubbles to protect his audience from the sight of so much as a corrupting nipple. Even the great Frank Frazetta, working in the 1960s and seventies, suffered an occasional attack of fig leaf syndrome.

But Caldwell portrays human anatomy pretty much as Ol' Ma Nature sculpted it. I would like to direct your attention in particular to Caldwell's portrayal of Thuvia (she's the lady with the six-legged lion) and Llana (the babe on the deck of the Barsoomian air-ship).

Well, all right, there's some exaggeration there. It's a t&a show.

Yup. But that's part of Burroughs.

Burroughs wasn't all slash-and-hack. And while his love scenes are cloaked in the genteel and flowery talk of his day, behind the scenes lurked the kind of things Caldwell brings into the open.

Gar-damn, those are lusty, fleshy folks in those books. You can bet they didn't come home from a hard day on the arid plain to talk about flower arranging and then bed down by ones.

Come on!

Three cheers, say I, for Clyde Caldwell. Let the Puritans paint mother hubbards over their copies of the pix.

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OBJECT

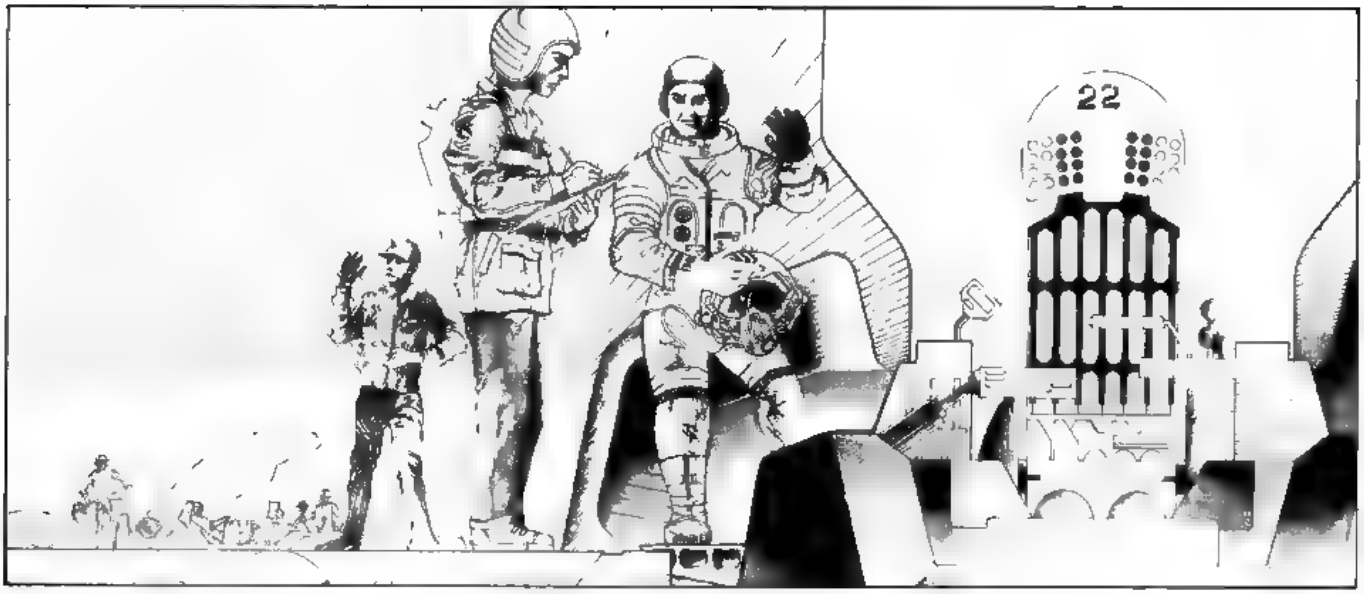
COMPUTE.. COMPUTE..READOUT... REALTIME ///Ø

Concept and Graphics by Mike Hinge
© 1975, 1977, 1978, 1982

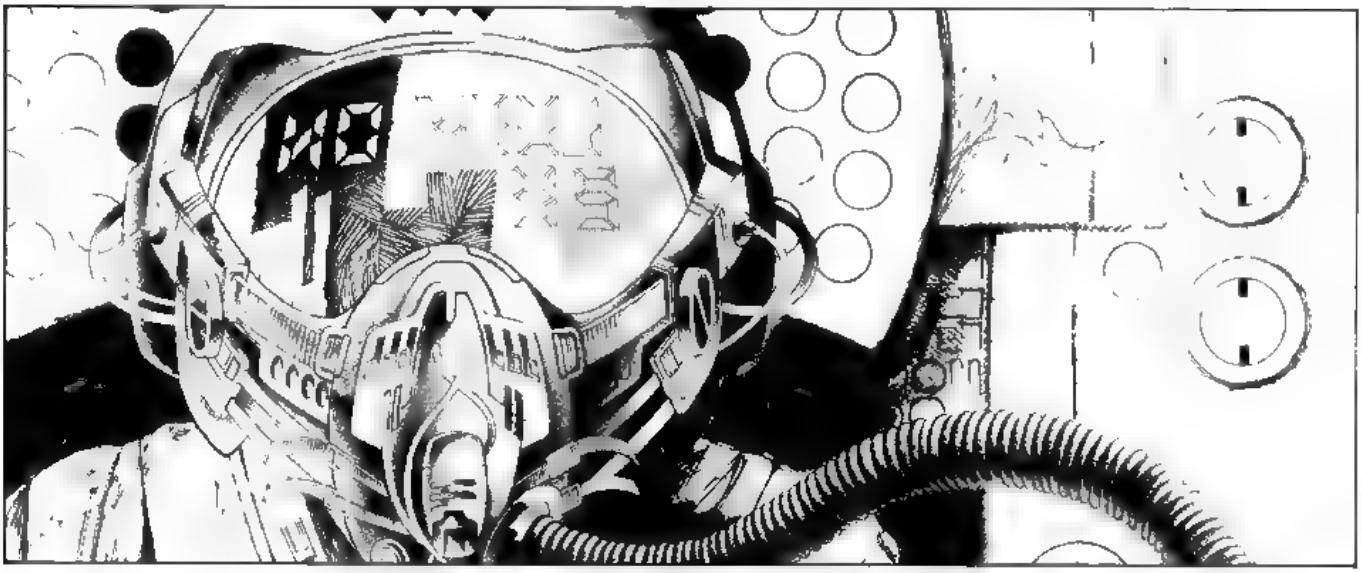
"Bridge to Admiral Chatfield. Request interface . . . Urgent!"

"Navigation to Admiral . . . Instruments report unplotted object."

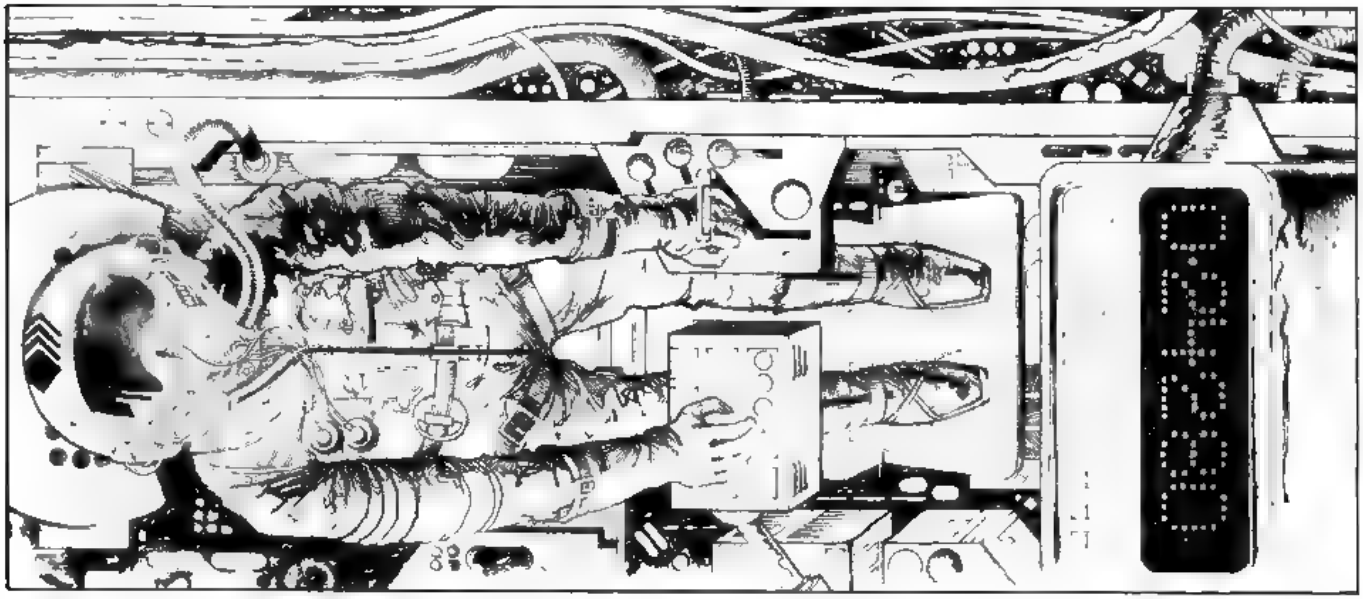
"Omega scramble . . . Pilots suit up . . . Battlestations!"



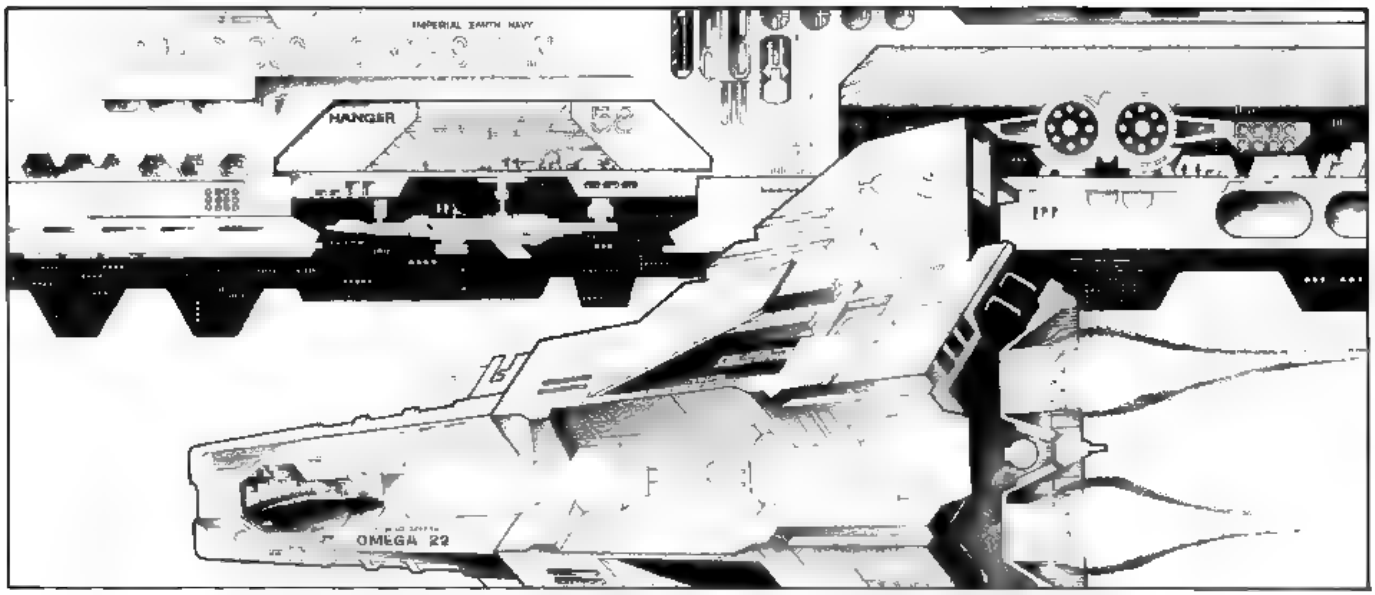
"Rendezvous 1206 hours, plus or minus 3 seconds. Bearing 3 o'clock."



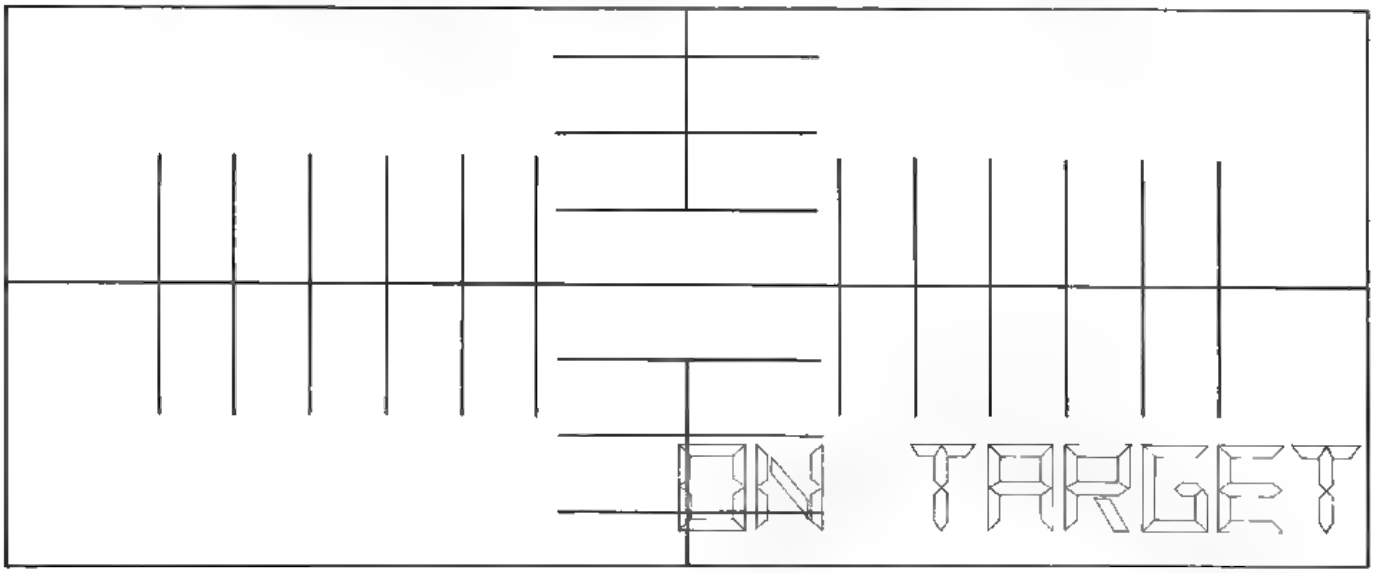
"Lock on. All systems reading."



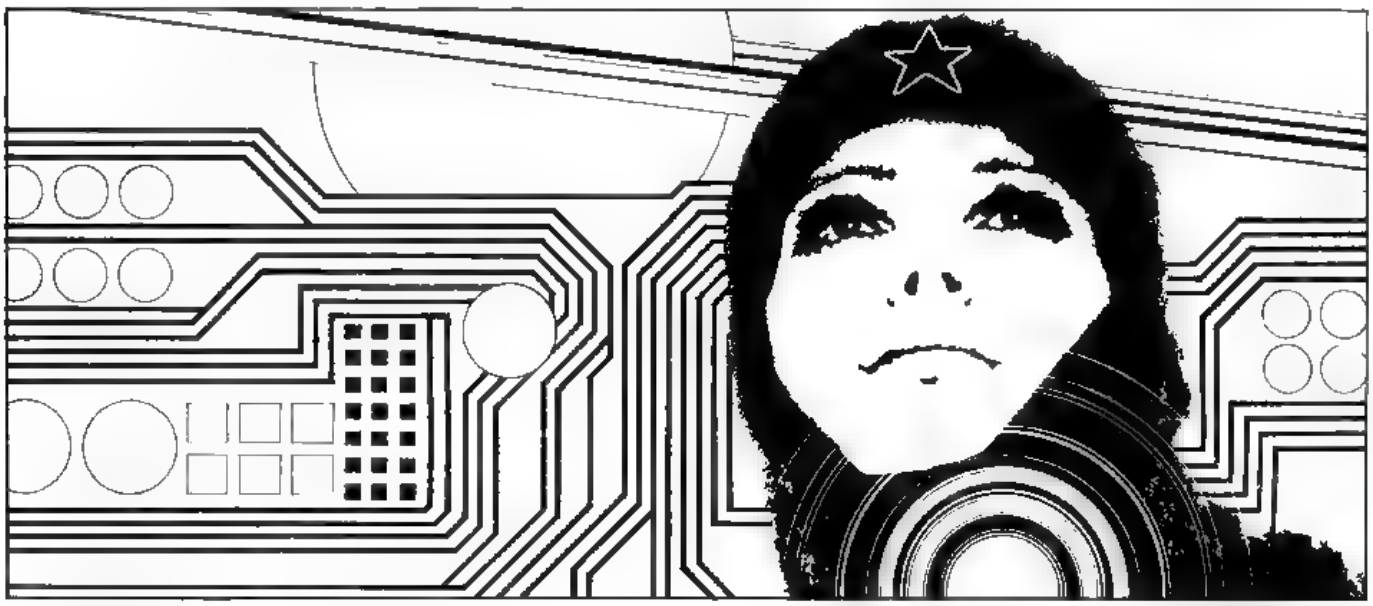
"Countdown zero . . . Launch 22."



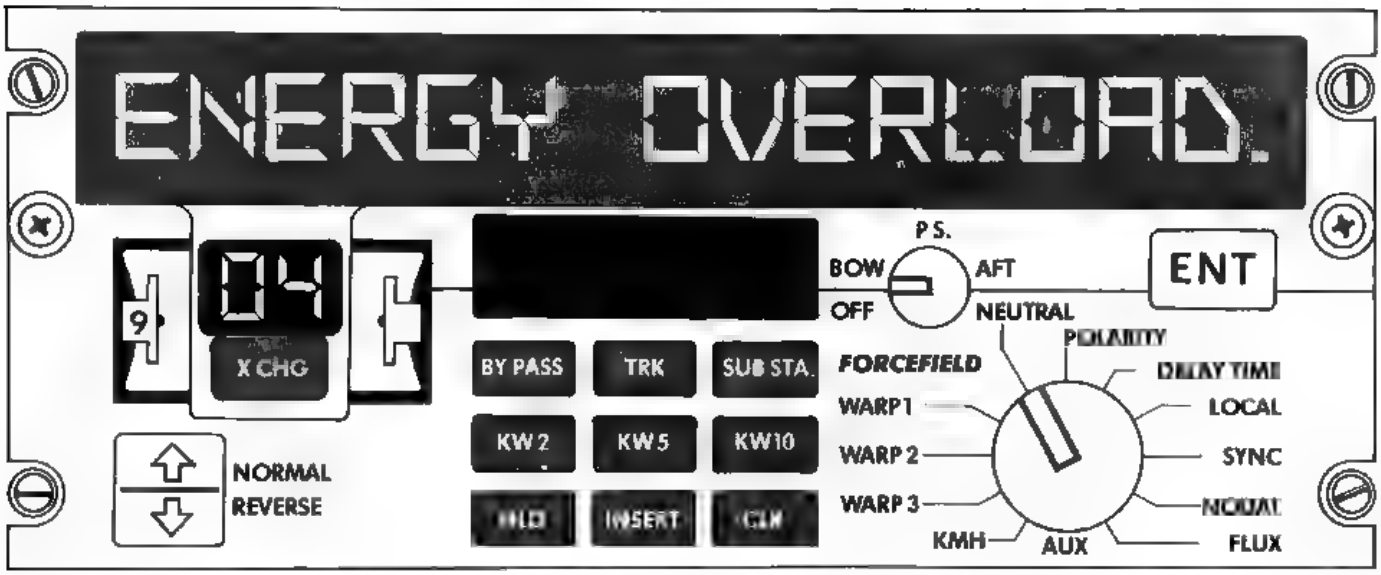
"22 flight path . . . Now compute tangent . . . Drop 21"



Radio interference . . . S-Band, 5200 MHz.

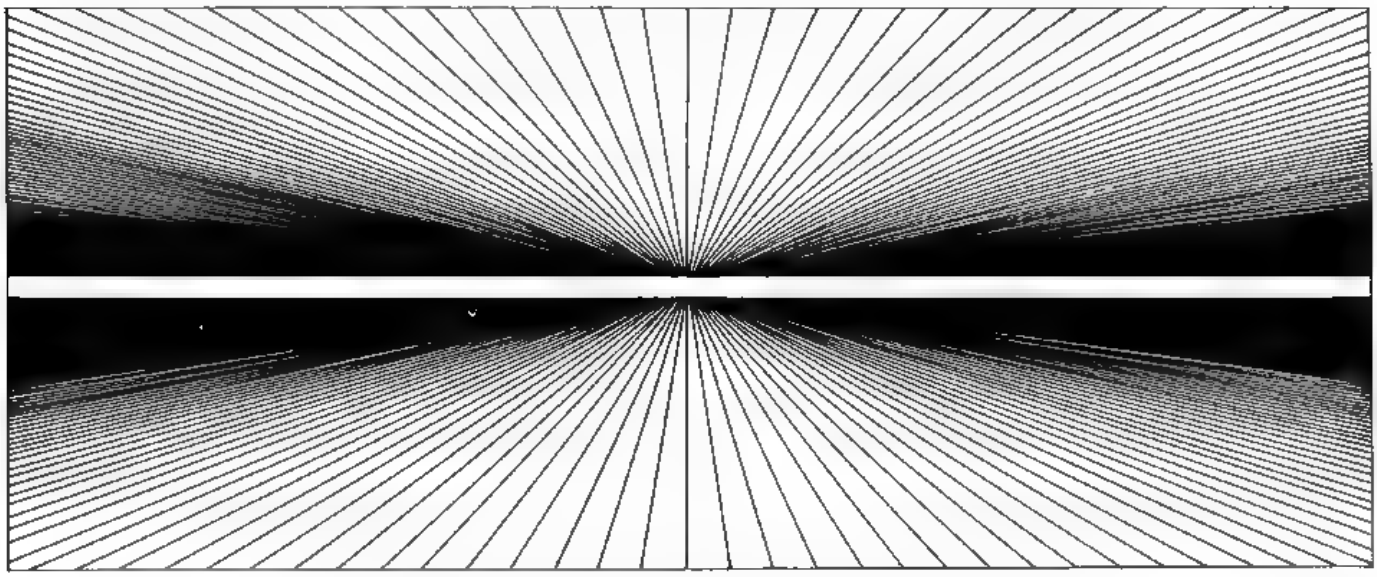


"Repeat, we do not have a planetary body here."

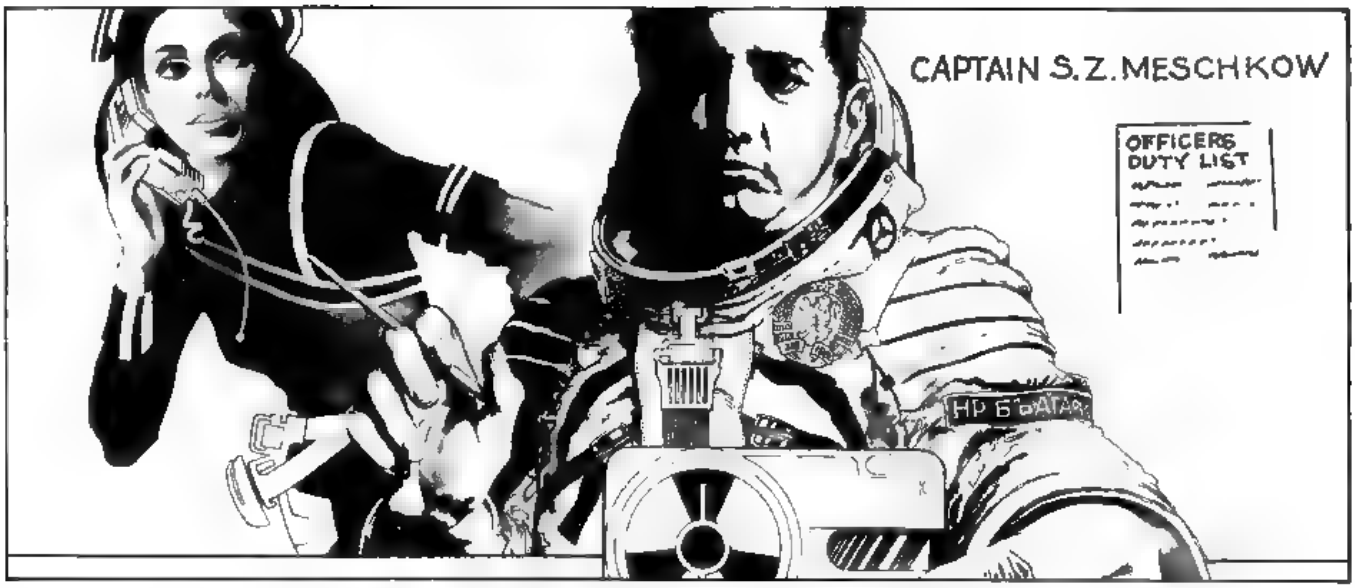


Flux pattern uncontrollable . . . Divert load!

2K candlepower and rising . . . Lumens past count.

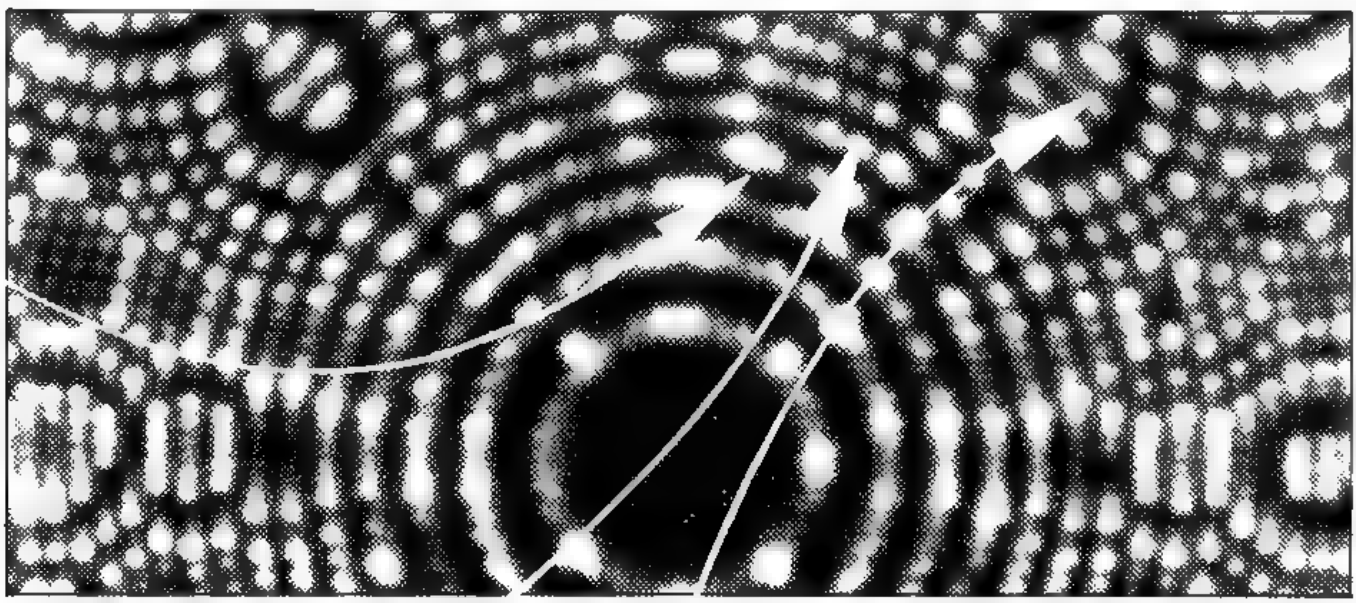


2279.5 MHz. 70 kilobits. OVERLOAD!

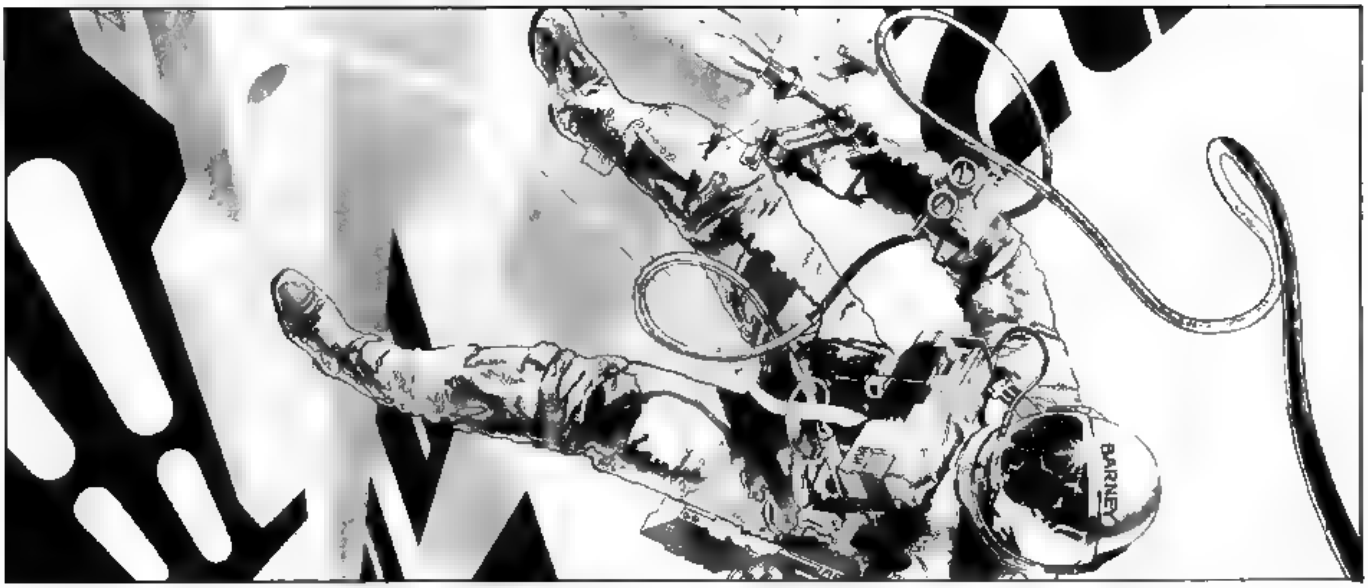


"What in blue blazes was that?"

"Captain! We've lost interceptors 21 and 22, sir."

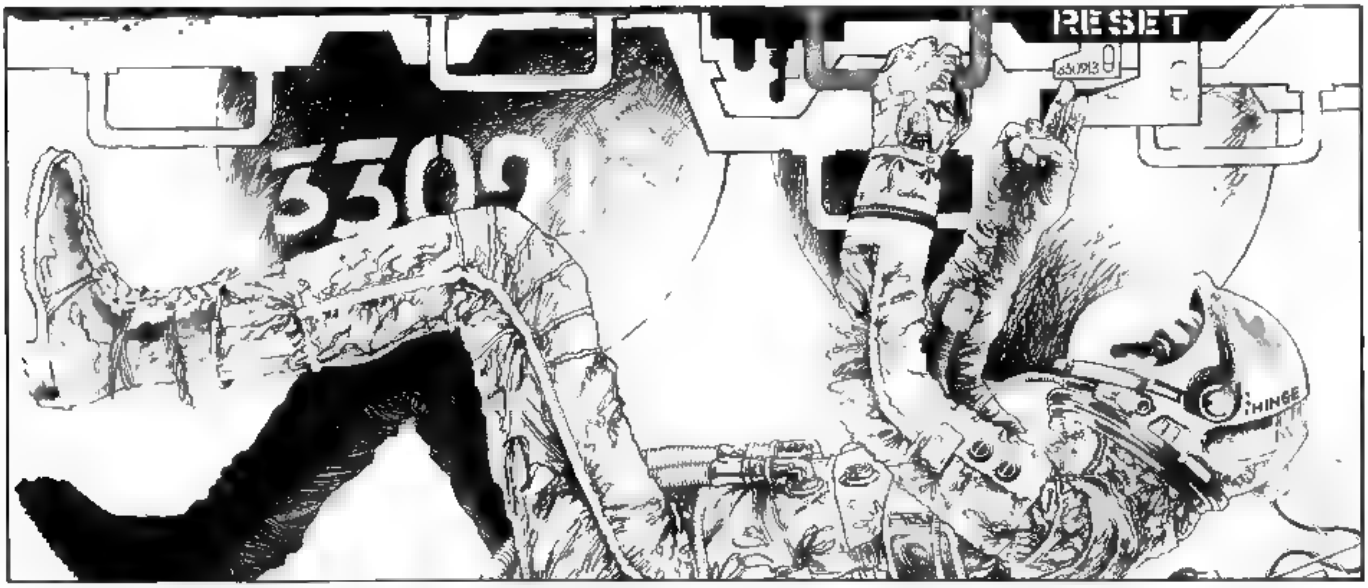


"Check force screen . . . Disperse sensor drones."



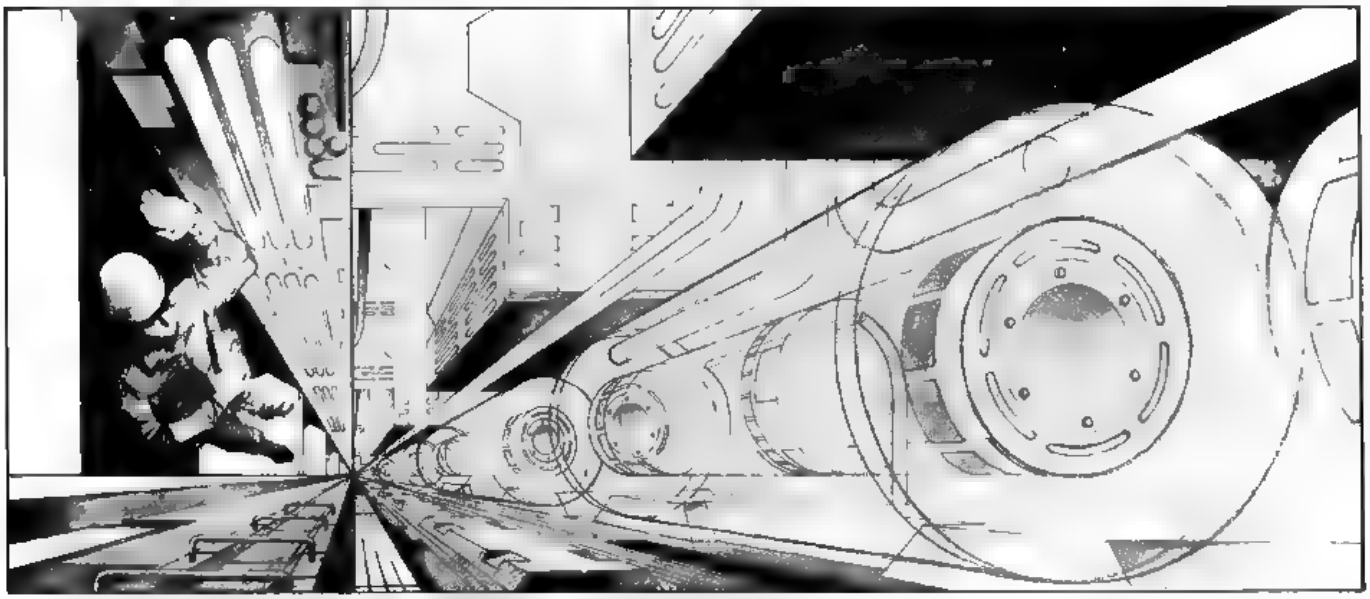
"23 deck life support system okay."

"Check."



"Cybernetic Guidance repaired."

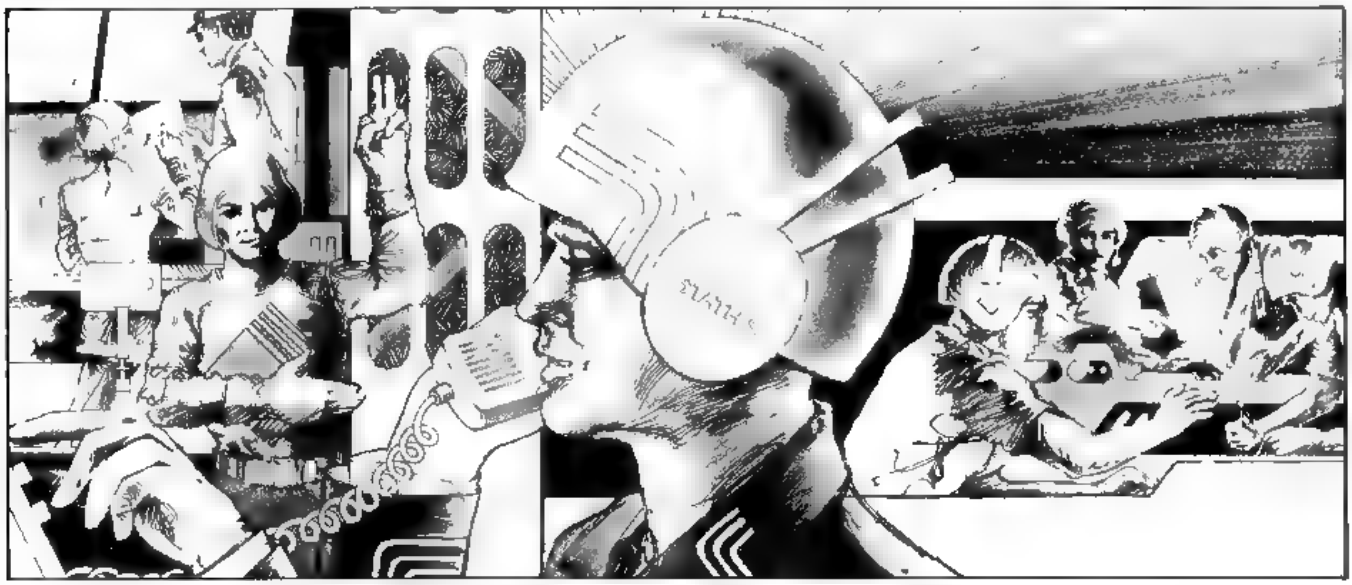
"Check."



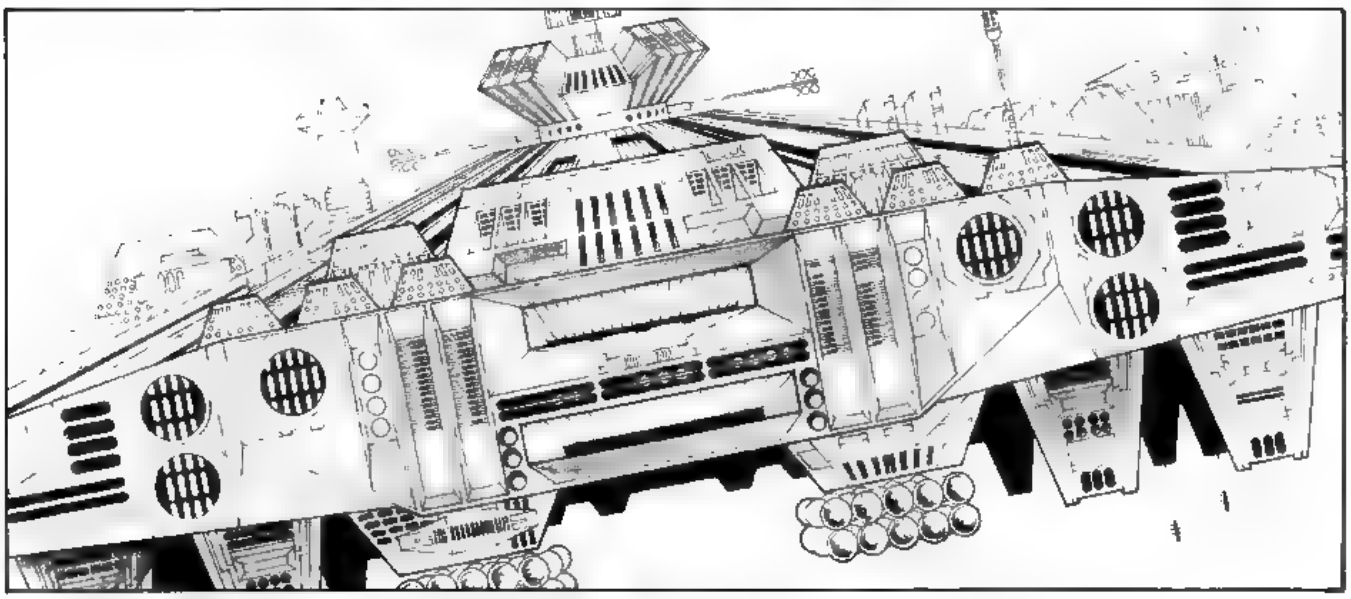
"Drive tubes aligned . . . Lasers synched."

'Do we have a leak?'

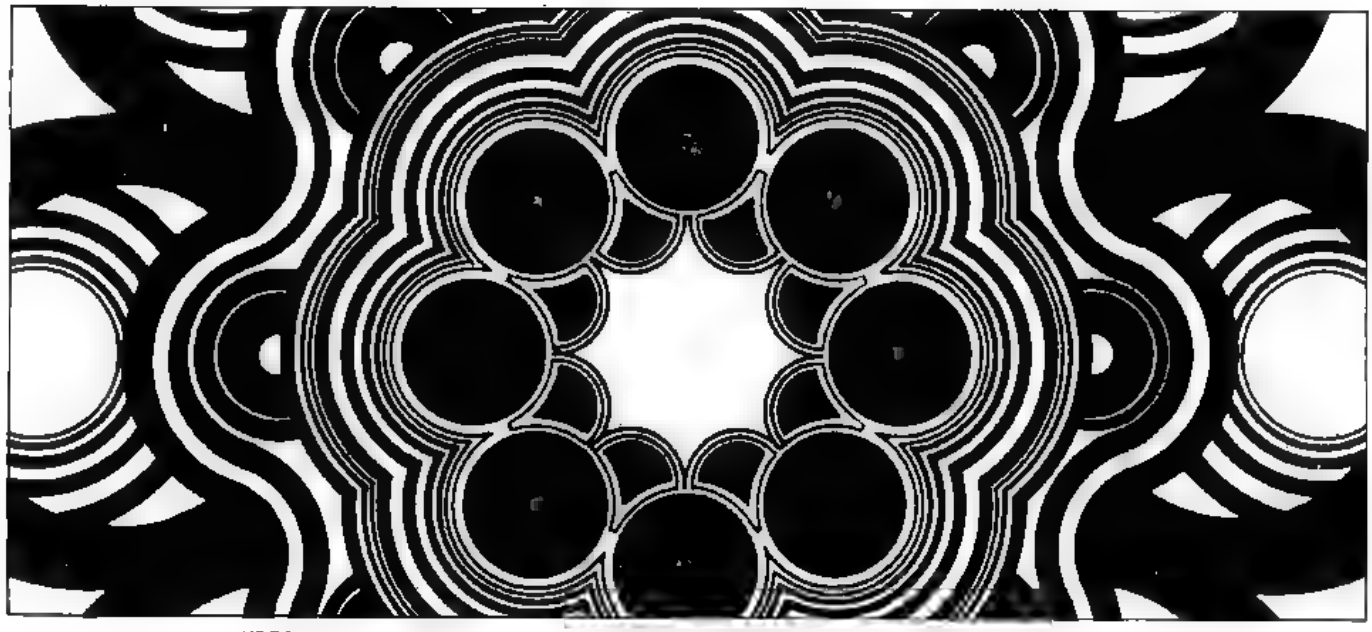
"Negative"



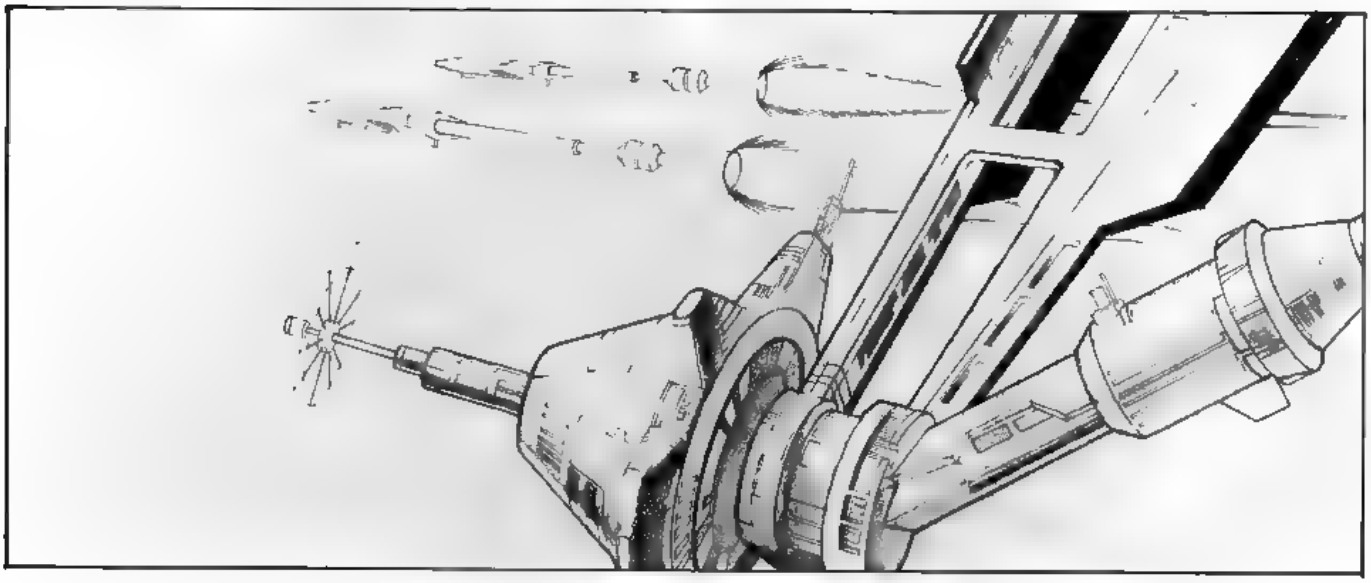
All systems go . Laze Fusion Drive"



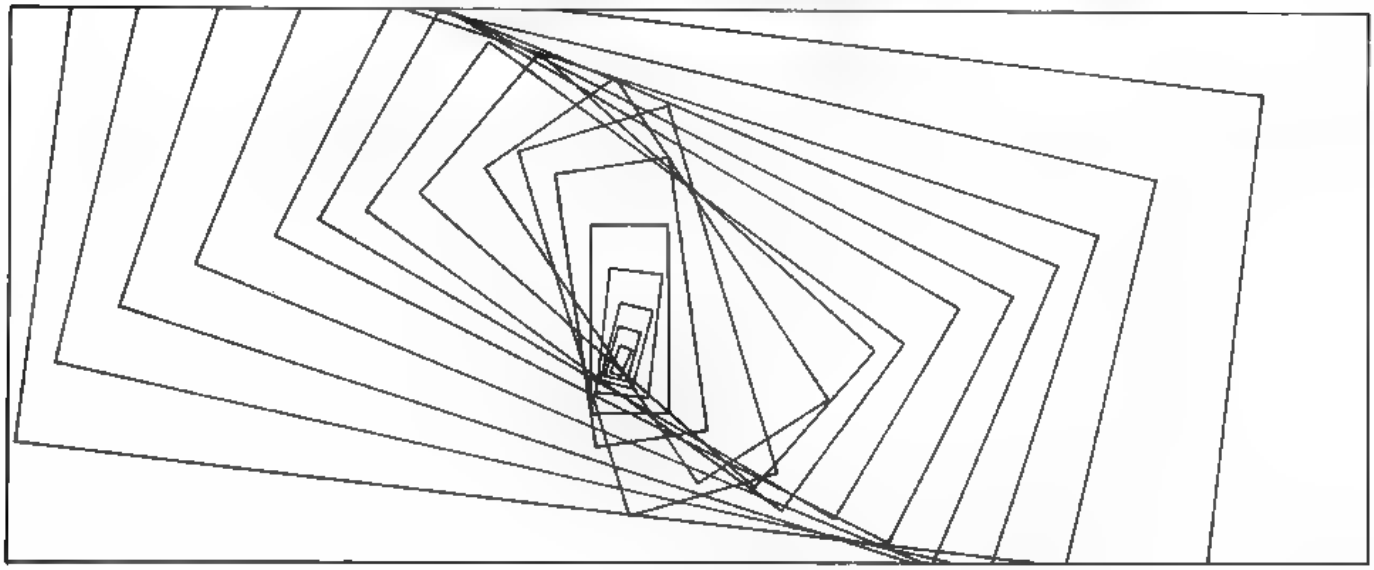
'Force screen on . . . Vector tractor beam.'



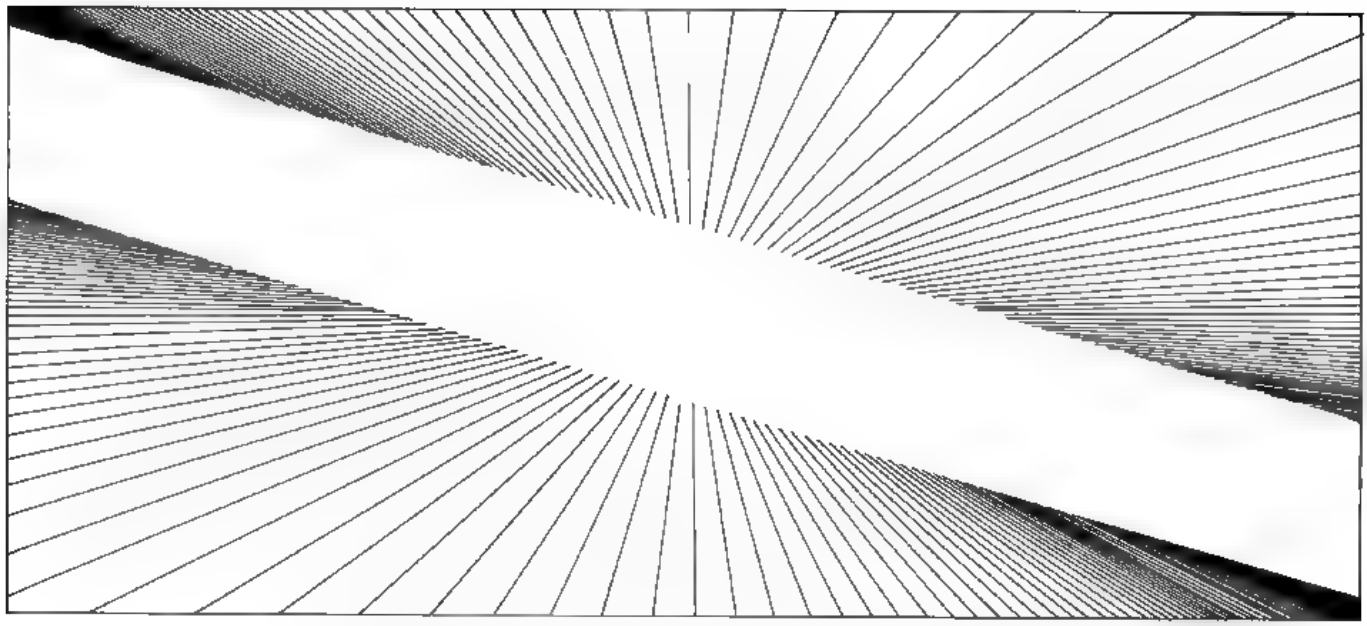
"Warp synchronous . . . Unknown heavy-grav body."



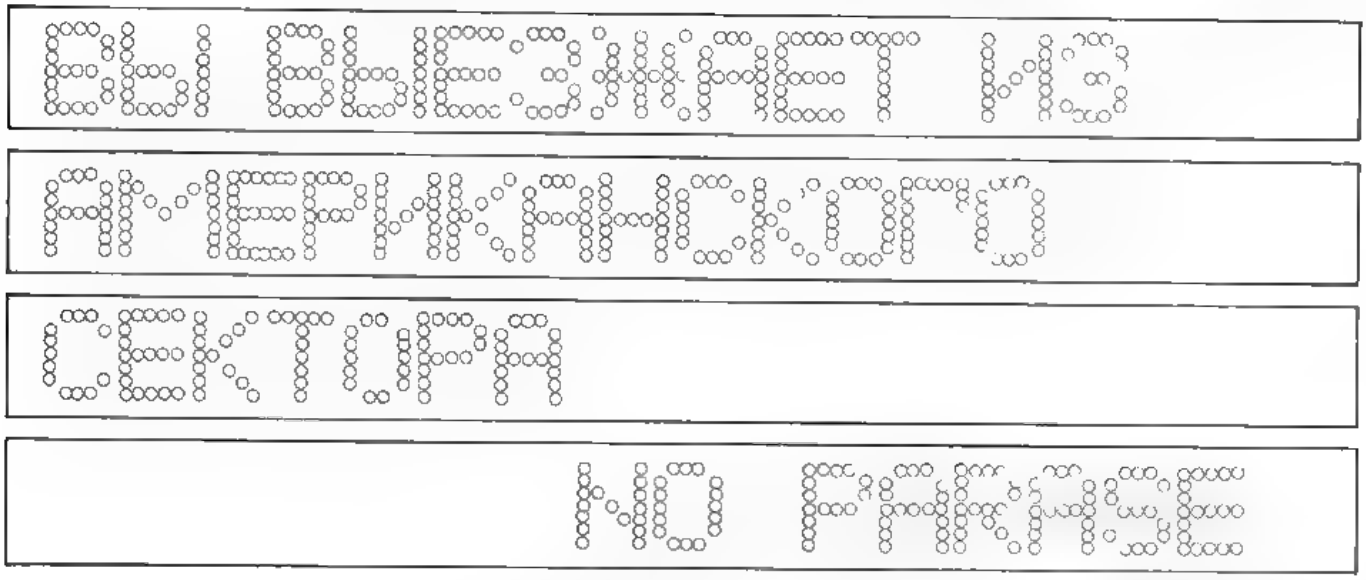
"Lasers charged . . . Weapons fail-safe cocked."



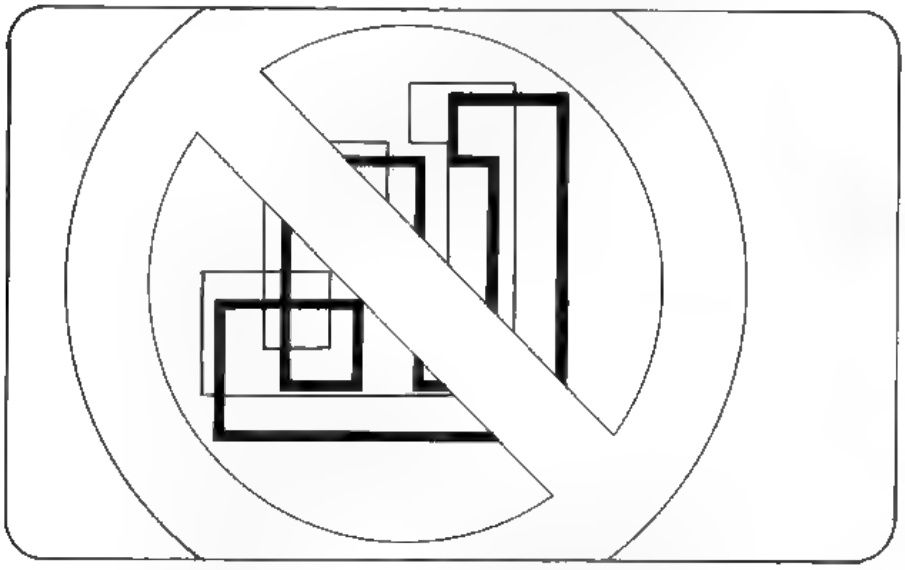
THIS IS YOUR FLIGHT PATH. MAX TANGENT. MIN RANGE.

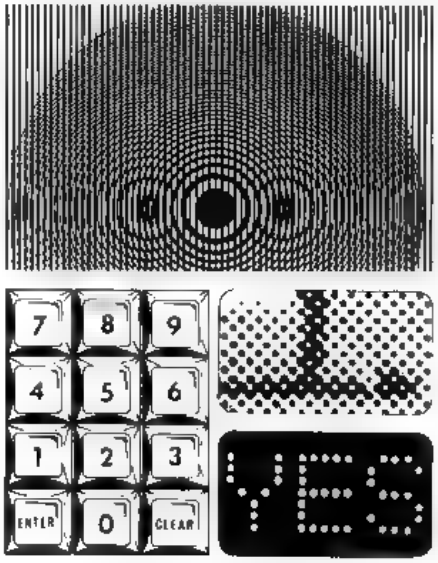


ENERGY GATE...NAVIGATION SLOT OPENING.

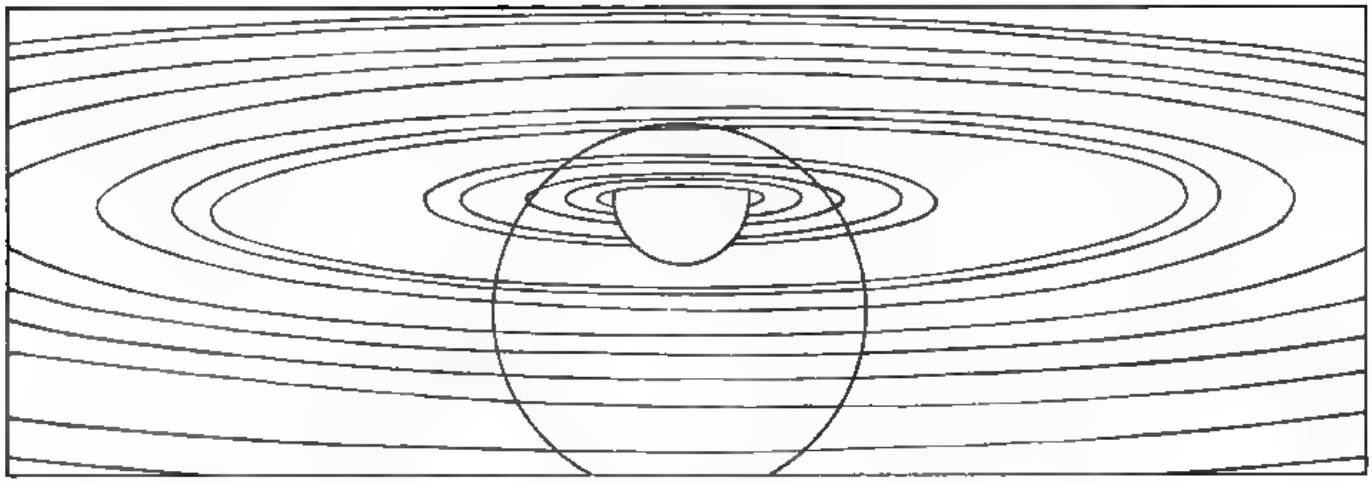


ALL ALIENS MUST REGISTER THIS SUN-YEAR.

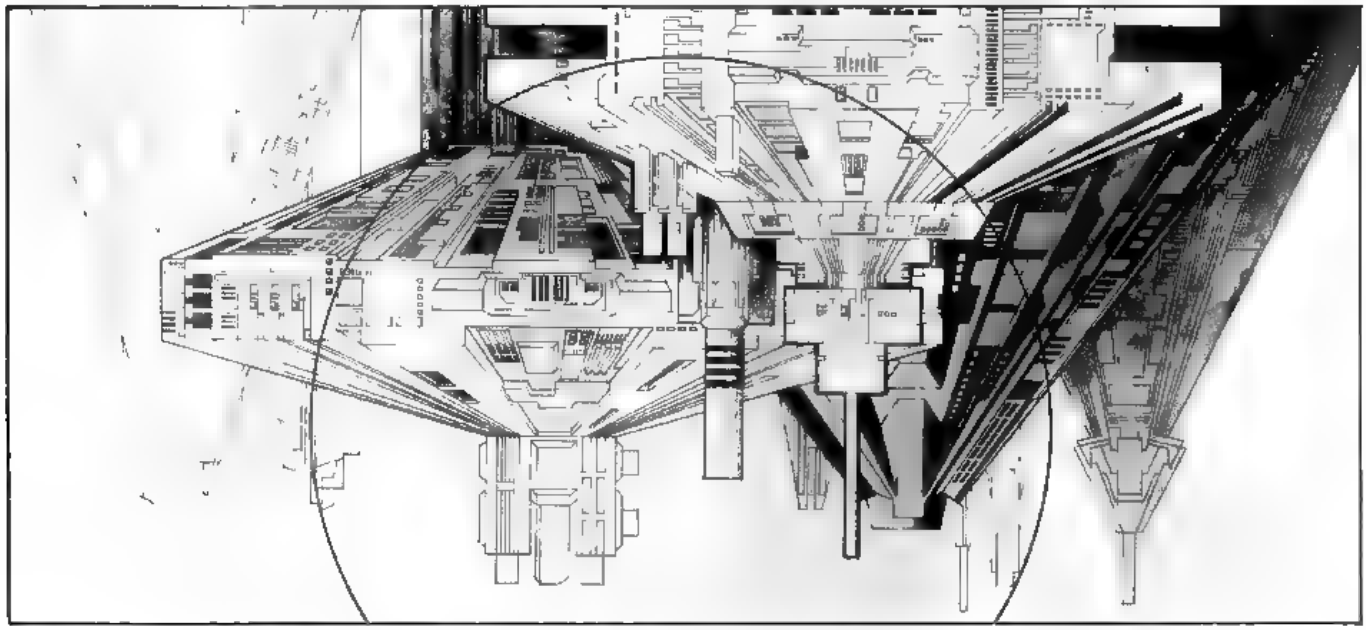




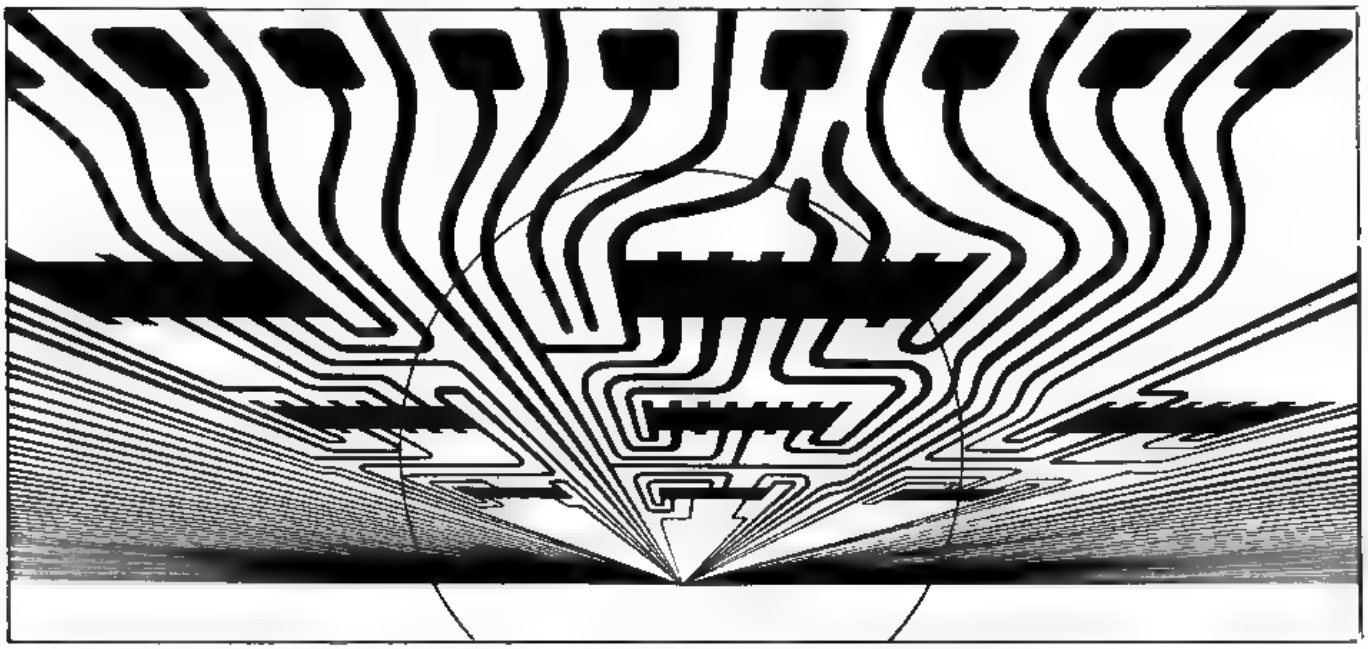
DEPOSIT OF WASTE IN MEGAPOLITAN OUTSKIRTS PROHIBITED.



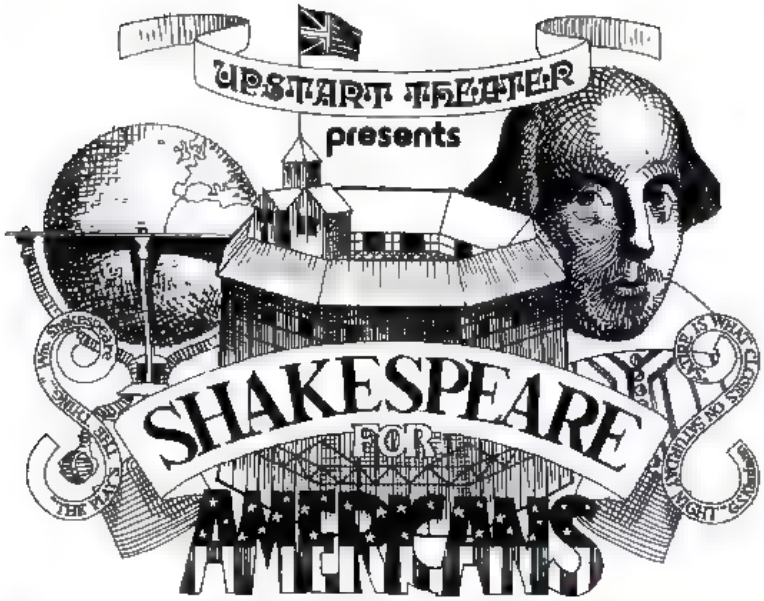
ALL DELIVERIES REAR LOADING ZONE. FOLLOW BLIP.



EXPORT...IMPORT...BARTER...CREDIT RATING...



Gravity well! Plot escape . . . escape . . . esca . . .

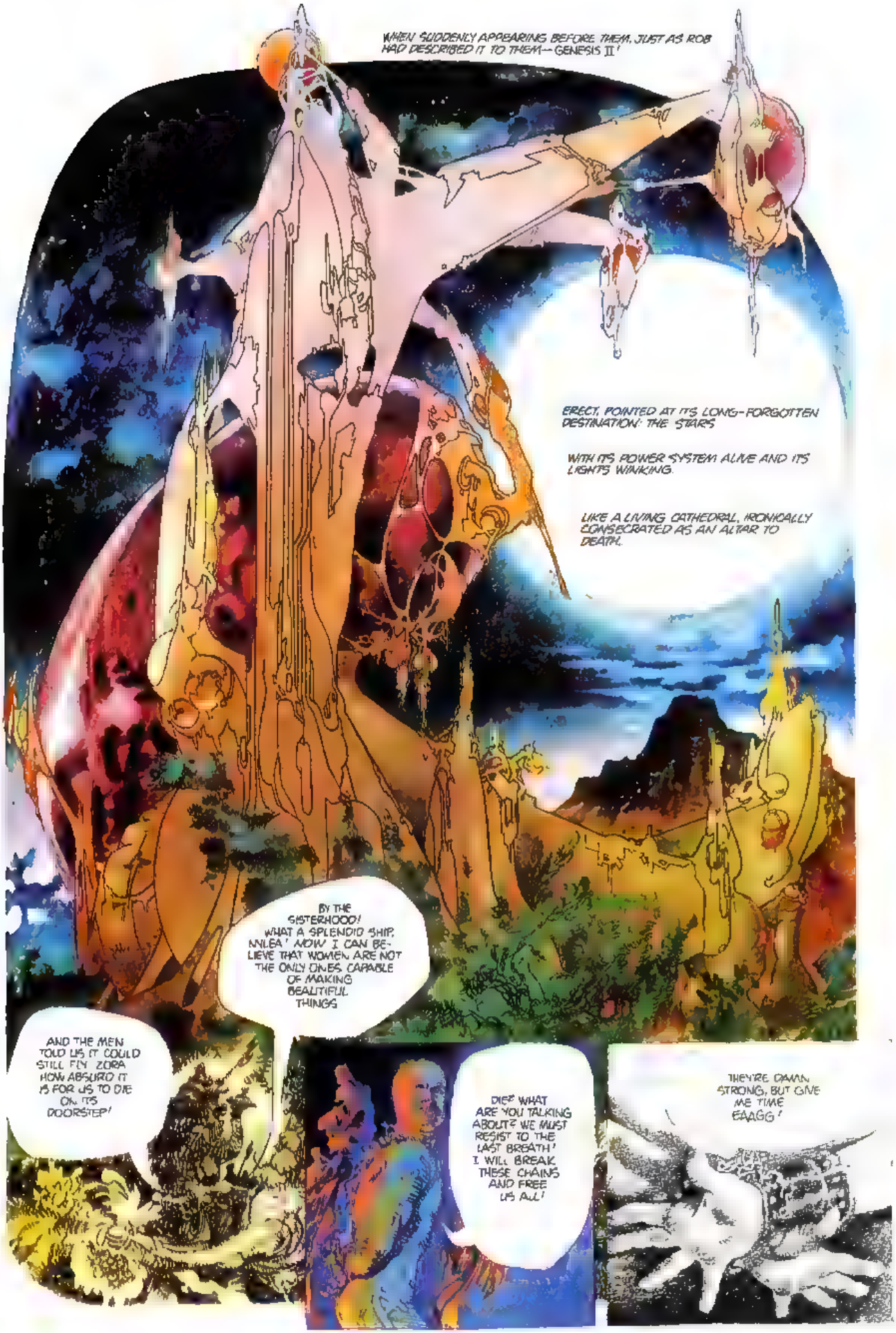


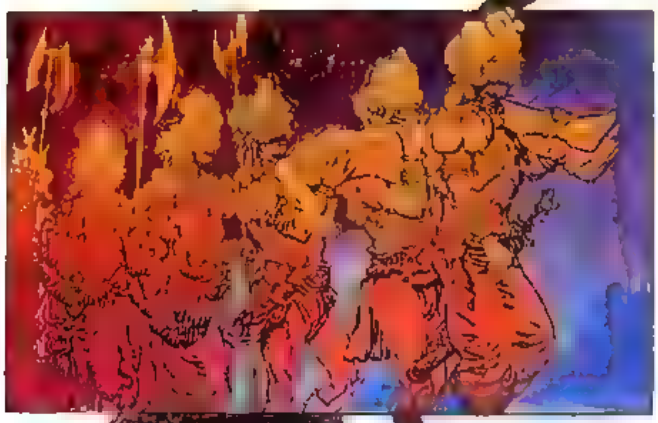
THANKS AND A FLOURISH OF THE QUILL TO FRANK MILLER

AS LONG AS THIS LASER WORKS, THESE CANNIBALS WON'T BE PUTTING ANY OF US ON THEIR MENU!
WE'RE SURROUNDED!
FOR ACRATON! AGGGH!
BRAMM
CAREFUL, BRONCO! THESE WEAPONS ARE DANGEROUS AT CLOSE QUARTERS.. YOU MIGHT HURT US!
HOLD FAST MEN, HERE THEY COME!
SO FAR WANDERING ACROSS THE RADIATION-SCARRED EARTH IN SEARCH OF AN ESCAPE SHIP, THE TWO HONEYCOMB RENEGADES, ZORA AND NYLEA, THE MALE HYBERNAUTS, AMON AND BRONCO, AND THE EARTH'S LAST SURVIVING MAN, ROB, ENCOUNTER A BLOOD-FRENZIED PARTY OF RELIGIOUS FANATICS LOOKING FOR A HOT MEAL
ZORA
WE'RE GOING TO NEED LOTS OF HELP TO NEUTRALIZE THESE HUNGRY SAVAGES, ZORA. THEY'RE COMING AT US AGAIN!
AND THE CARESS OF ZORA!
AND THE KICK OF AMON ROSS!
FEEL THE FIST OF BRONCO LIZCJURU HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE SOUTHERN FLEET!
ALL FIGHTING CEASED AT THE COMMAND OF THE ENEMY CHIEF
GROMEC!
THE WARRIORS OF ACRATON FORMED A CIRCLE AROUND THEIR ENEMIES, AND WITH A RITUALIZED MOTION ONE OF THEM POSITIONED HIMSELF BEFORE BRONCO HE WAS STRONG, WITH THE ARROGANCE OF A DUELING CHAMPION.

EVIDENTLY THIS WAS A FORM OF PERSONAL CHALLENGE IF ALL WAS LOST, VICTORY HERE COULD OFFER SOME OPPORTUNITY FOR SURVIVAL. BRONCO PLANTED HIMSELF FIRMLY IN FRONT OF GROMEC.
UGH!
I'M SENDING YOU BACK TO HELL, FLESH-EATER! AND YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU NEVER LEFT! ONE!
KRAK
TWO!
THUMP
AND THREE! ALL THROUGH! NOW WE SEE WHAT THE WINNER'S PURSE AMOUNTS TO!
NOT A SINGLE MURMUR AROSE FROM THE CIRCLE OF WARRIORS THAT HAD BEEN WATCHING THE FIGHT IT WAS LIKE A STONE WALL OF SILENCE AS COLD AS THE SURFACE OF ONE OF THEIR GLEAMING METAL MASKS

SUDDENLY, THE CHIEF BARKED AN ORDER AND THE WILD-EYED WARRIORS FLUNG THEMSELVES INTO THE FIGHT LIKE HUNGRY BIRDS OF PREY THEY FELL UPON THE GROUP LIKE A TIDAL WAVE OF MADNESS
ZORA! NYLEA! SAVE YOURSELVES! AND RUN THESE TRAITOROUS PIGS!
ROB! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU! AGGG
ACRATON ALWAYS GIVES US THE ULTIMATE VICTORY!
WITH THE MEN CHAINED TOGETHER, AND THE WOMEN CARRIED ALOFT ALL OF THEM CLOSELY WATCHED - THE STRANGE MIXTURE OF FUNERAL CORTEGE AND HOLY WAR PROCESSION SET OUT FOR THE SANCTUARY OF ACRA TANGOR


WHEN SUDDENLY APPEARING BEFORE THEM, JUST AS ROB HAD DESCRIBED IT TO THEM--GENESIS II!
ERECT, POINTED AT ITS LONG-FORGOTTEN DESTINATION: THE STARS
WITH ITS POWER SYSTEM ALIVE AND ITS LIGHTS WINKING.
LIKE A LIVING CATHEDRAL, IRONICALLY CONSECRATED AS AN ALTAR TO DEATH.
BY THE SISTERHOOD! WHAT A SPLENDID SHIP, NALEA! NOW I CAN BELIEVE THAT WOMEN ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES CAPABLE OF MAKING BEAUTIFUL THINGS
AND THE MEN TOLD US IT COULD STILL FLY ZORA HOW ABSURD IT IS FOR US TO DIE ON ITS DOORSTEP!
DIE? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WE MUST RESIST TO THE LAST BREATH! I WILL BREAK THESE CHAINS AND FREE US ALL!
THEY'RE DAMN STRONG, BUT GIVE ME TIME
EAAGG!



THEIR EFFORTS TO FREE THEMSELVES WERE USELESS. THEY HAD TO WATCH POWERLESS AS THEIR CAPTORS SEPARATED ZORA FROM THE REST AND PLACED HER ON AN ALTAR. ALL WAS READY FOR THE RITUAL. THE BARBARIANS WOULD BE SACRIFICING THEM IN THE CEREMONY CONSECRATING THE FULL MOON. AND ZORA WAS TO BE THEIR FIRST VICTIM!

MY GOD! THOSE BEASTS

RELAX, AMON, AND LISTEN WITH UNDIVIDED ATTENTION TO ME. ZORA CAME UP WITH AN ESCAPE PLAN WHILE WE WERE TRAVELING. THEY MIGHT'VE TAKEN OUR WEAPONS, BUT NOT OUR CARTRIDGE BELTS

AND WITHIN THEM LIES OUR DEFENSE. THE HYPER-PHOTON CAPSULES. BEFORE WE RUSH THEM, BE SURE TO SHOUT YOUR NAME - THAT'S THE SIGNAL TO CLOSE YOUR EYES FOR A MOMENT. IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL BE BLINDED FOR HOURS

THE OTHERS REMAINED LOCKED UP, ALTHOUGH INEXPLICABLY NYLEA WAS LEFT UNCHAINED AMIDST THE BARBARIANS. THEY WERE GUARDED BY ONLY ONE WARRIOR WHO WAS OFTEN LOOKING TOWARDS THE RITUAL ALTAR

GOOD PLAN.
I BELIEVE SO. THE
ATTACK THEM ALL AT ONCE— SO SHE CAN FLEE THE ALTAR AND JOIN US.
WHEN THE SHAMAN RAISED HIS HANDS, THE CROWD FELL INTO AN EXPECTANT SILENCE

HEAVY METAL COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Roger the paranoid puppet," Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo s "Rock blitz," highly praised "Shells." beginning of Davis s "World Apart, Moebius Corben Bodé, more

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius "Arzach " part 1 of "The Long Tomorrow", conclusion of "Sunpot "

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart' and 'Den' continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera plus more 'World Apart ' "Den," and " Polonius "

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius s "Airtight Garage," 'Den ' and "Polonius" back again yet more

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for "Polonius" and ' World Apart '

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz,' by Druillet, Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben Macedo Claveloux, and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and P chard update *Ulysses*, Conquering Armies' concludes 'Den' continues

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben, et al

#12/MARCH '78: Swashbuckling Orion" debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow, more Barbarella ' 'Urm,' and 'Den

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30 page insert from Paradise 9, ' and "Barbarel a gives birth, while 'Den" wraps it up

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad waves bye bye but ' Orion and 'Barbarella' continue and A ex Nino tips h s hat

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic More Than Human is illustrated more Barbarella, ' and the origins of 'Heilman

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996 ' resumption of Druillet s Gail," more "Heilman, ' 'Orion,' More Than Human, ' and Corben's Arabian Nights '

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated ' Glass Goblin debut of McKie s "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus usual

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more Sindbad, ' "Exterminator, Major Grubert, "He lman' 's final rebirth, more

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with 'Orion,' Kirchner's Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts here and Druillet concludes "Gal plus McKie and Corben How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79: Galactic Geographic " 'Starcrown ' Corben s Sindbad, McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination, ' 'Starcrown ' II and Ellison s late show

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Druillet's 'Dancin ' and a Proust joke) 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien '

#27/JUNE '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé s 'Zooks ' premieres Corben s 'Sindbad" concludes Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with ' New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic, Bodé more

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: 'Elric," 'Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, ' and Little Red V-3 ' alongside Montellier and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Let s give thanks for Corben's ' Rowlf,' Bodé s 'Zooks ' Brunner s "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination " Moebius, and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza Corben, Kofoed Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus Gnomes' and Giants

#34/JANUARY '80: A new year/ new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben s "Rowlf, and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip

#36/MARCH '80: Why did 'The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten Bros strip! Plus Corben, Matena Moebius, and Lee Marrs s 'Good Vibrations '

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of 'Champakou' in living color, final installment of Moebius s "Airtight Garage," plus Caza Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will 'Champakou ' reach the Do l of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? We'll never tell!

#39/JUNE '80: 'Champakou meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY '80. "The Alchemist Supreme' continues, Axle learns truth about sidek ck Musky Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave

#41/AUGUST '80: Druillet returns with the 1st instalment of Salammbo while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave (and is interv ewed) Bila continues "Progress"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: 'The Alchemist Supreme' concludes while Bilal's 'Progress" picks up steam Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while ' Rock Opera" gets stranger yet

#43/OCTOBER '80: Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Hé, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr Corben and Matena, and not to be missed!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: With the *Shogun* spirit abaze, this issue s cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius Kaluta, Springett, and Bila

#45/DECEMBER '80: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepax's 'Valentina " and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality Papa? ' Plus 'The Cutter of the Fog Rock Opera," and Moebius!

#46/JANUARY '81: Jeronaton returns with 'Woman ' Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang Hsh " Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezières, and 'Rock Opera ' Moeb us tells us " There is a Prince Charming on Phenixor!"

#47/FEBRUARY '81: William S Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense, while "The Horny Goof," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interv ew with the man himself

#48/MARCH '81: ' Tex Arcana ' John Findley's epic Western, be-

Photography Bob Smith

gns 'What Is Reality Papa?' and The Ambassador of the Shadows continue Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* ends Plus Harlan Ellison's evertimely essay on violence in America

#49/APRIL '81. Art and the Nazis Corben's Bloodstar Giménez's Goodbye Soldier! Harry North's Stories from London and an interview with Julio Ribera Didn't think we could do it in one shot did ya?

#50/MAY 81 Premiers of Chaykin's Cody Starbuck and Bilal's The Immortals Fête Plus Sydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S Burroughs on immortality

#51/JUNE '81 The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres Howarth's Changes winds up Plus Caza Chaykin Crepax and our own John Workman

#52/JULY '81 Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor" Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup gatefold wraps it all up

#53/AUGUST '81 Spinrad on the Immoral Majority the 3rd part of the Corben interview plus a 16 page pullout section on making the *Heavy Metal* movie

#54/SEPTEMBER 81 Corben's Den II Jeff Jones's I'm Age Juan Gimenez's "Infantrymen" Infantrymen and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror

#55/OCTOBER 81 Shakespeare for Americans 1st episode of Segrelles's Mercenary a gallery section devoted to Druillet plus Jeff Jones Bilal and Steranko

#56/NOVEMBER 81 Jeronaton's Egg of the World Jeff Jones Segrelles and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully

#57/DECEMBER 81 Strange encounters with Debbie Harry Jeffrey Jones Segrelles and Corben Plus odd ending to The Immortals Fete

#58/JANUARY 82 Our Happy Future issue Includes Arno Lousta Voss He and Gillon and The Autonomous Man by Davis Chudnow and Balfour All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson Segrelles Steranko et al

#59/FEBRUARY 82 Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in The Incal Light Wein and Chaykins Gideon Faust gets going—again Plus Fernandez Jones Schuiten et al

#60/MARCH 82 Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's A Life in the Day a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon Luis Garcia's Nova 2 begins Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult Plus our regulars Mercenary Den Rock Opera etc Enjoy

#61/APRIL '82 Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material What with Caveloux Druillet Moebius Bilal and an essay on J G Ballard you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: In this issue we give you the 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" and let you look at The Art of De Es Schwertberger Plus "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey

#63/JUNE '82 We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue With artists Voss Caza Scibelli and R Crumb All surrounded by regulars Druillet Moebius Schuiten and Fernandez Enjoy

#64/JULY 82 Marcele and Lacome's strange Life at the Circus and pages from Corben's *Fights in Fantasy* Plus Jones Garcia Druillet etc

#65/August 82 We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's Freak Show and Pasu and Manaras's The Ape Plus the finale of The Incal Light, by Moebius and Jodorowsky

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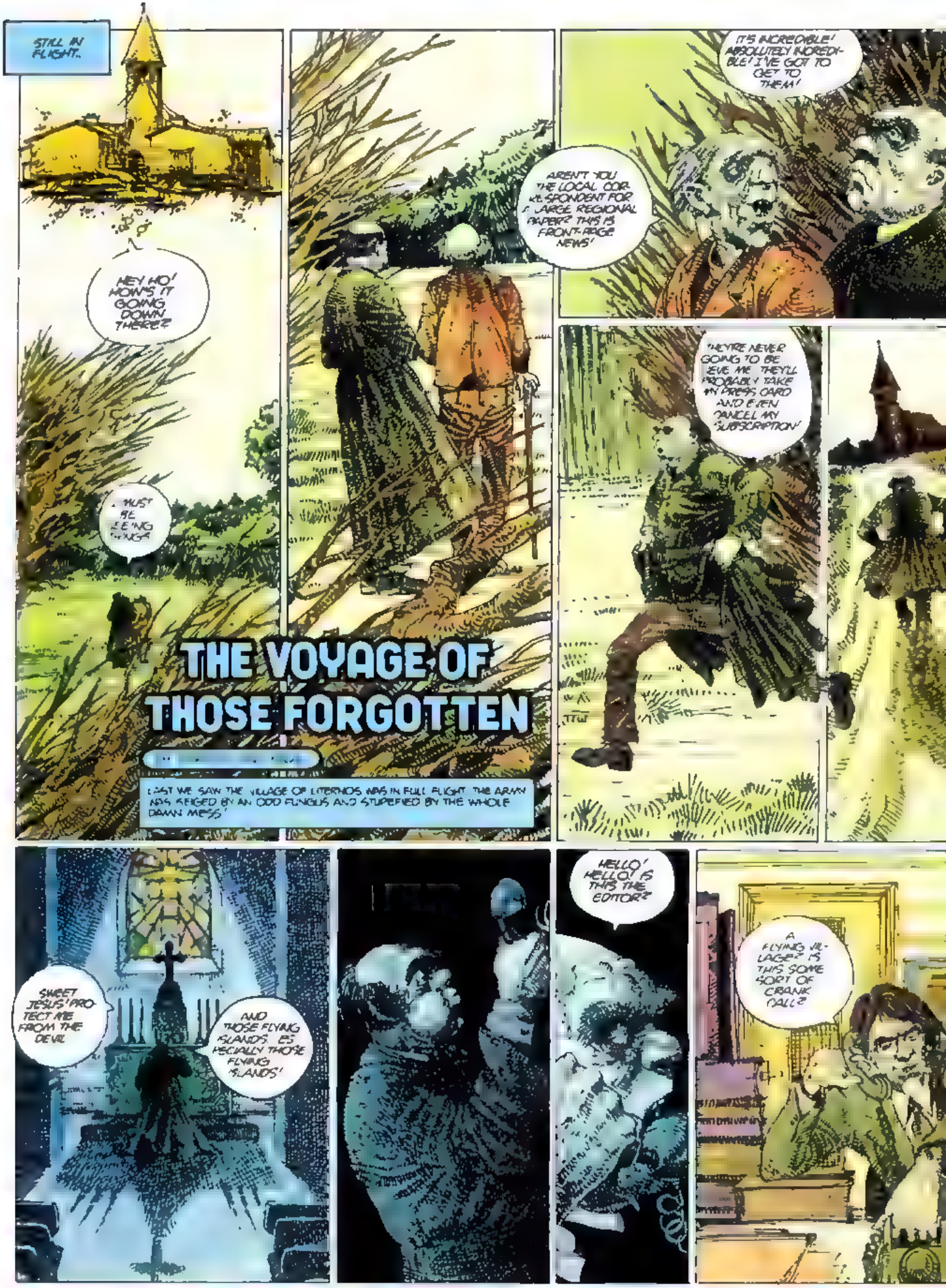
STILL IN FLIGHT..
HEY HO! HOW'S IT GOING DOWN THERE?
JUST BEING NICE
AREN'T YOU THE LOCAL CORRESPONDENT FOR A LARGE REGIONAL PAPER? THIS IS FRONT-RIDGE NEWS!
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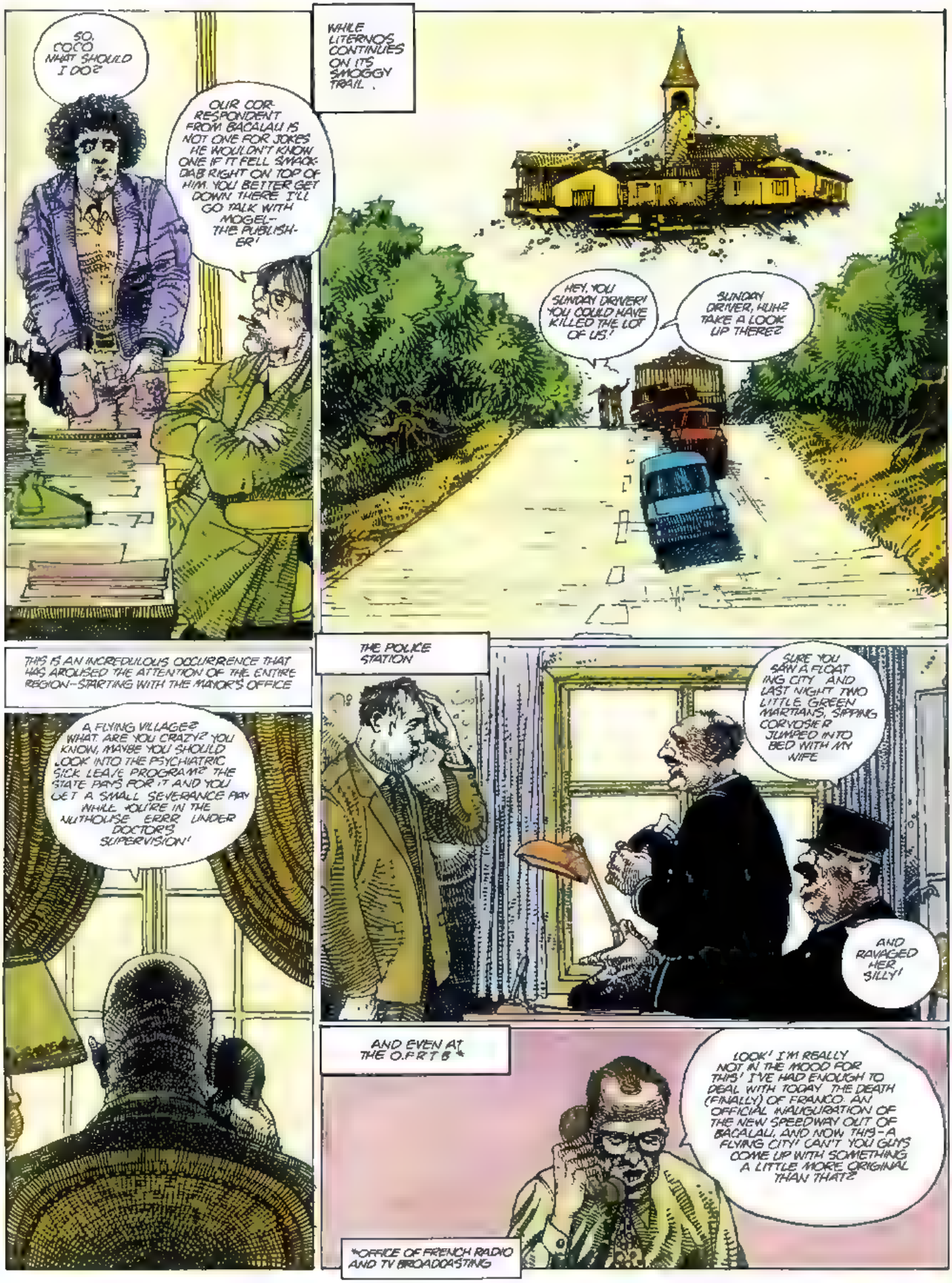
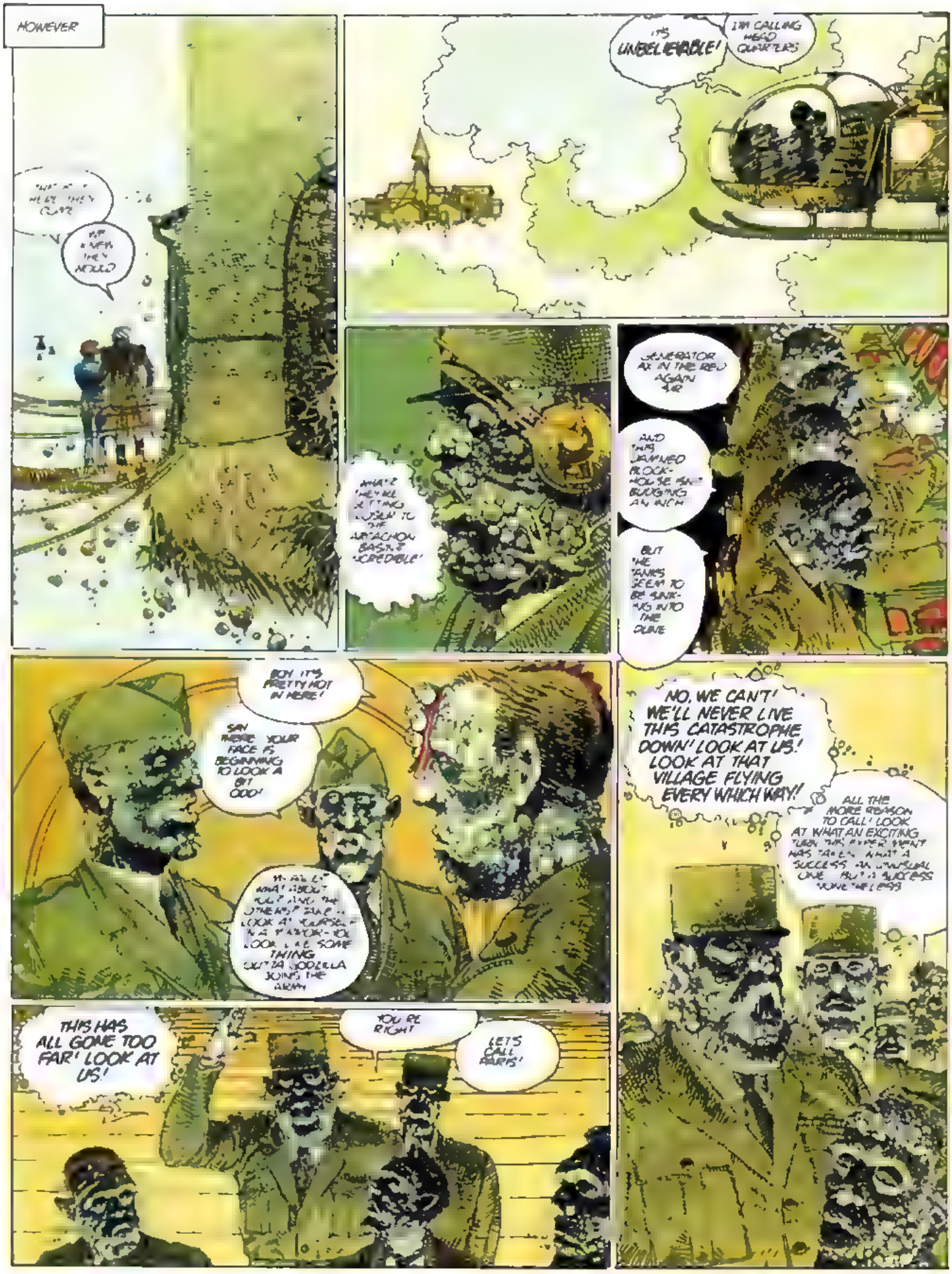
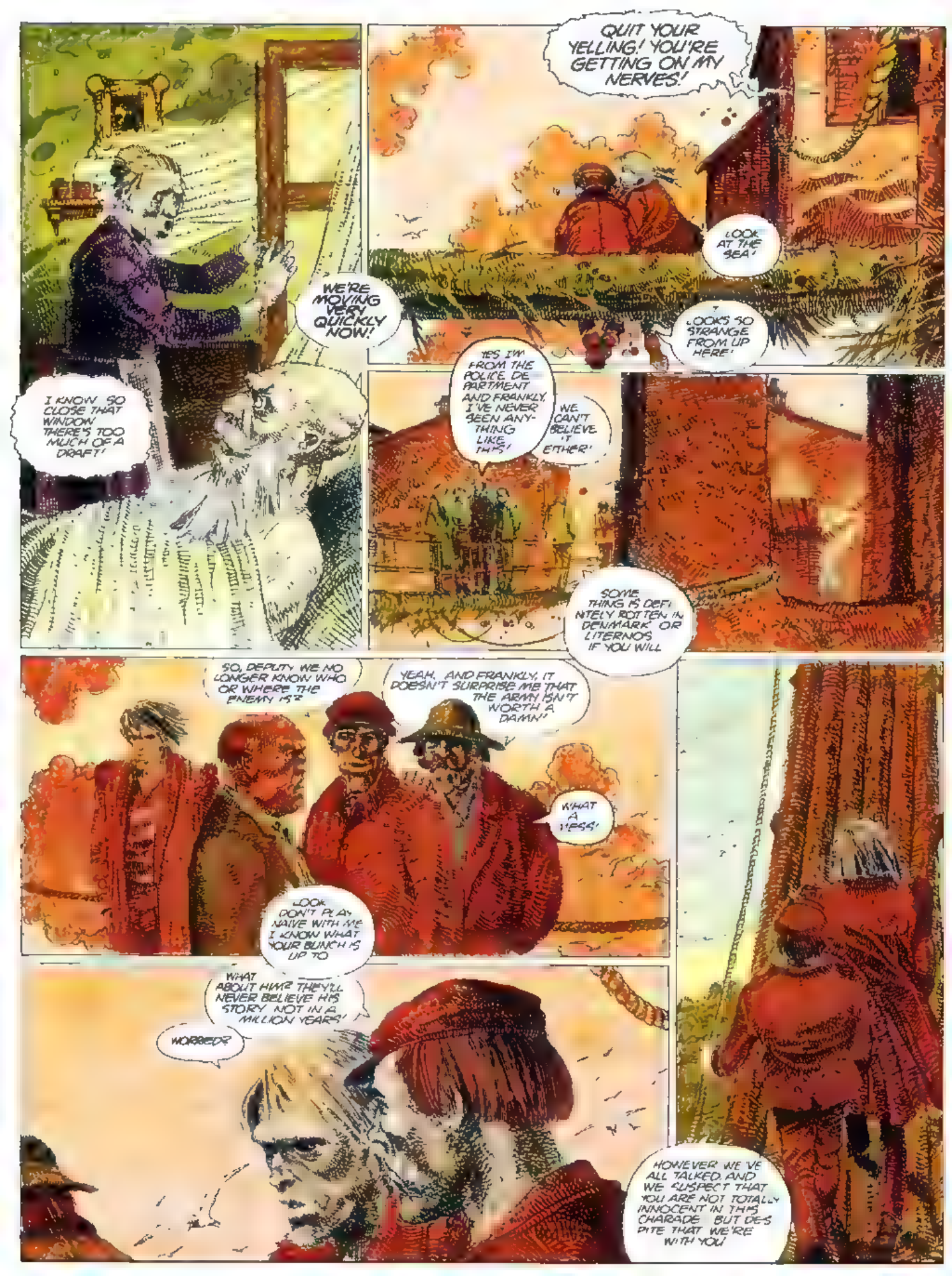
THEY'RE NEVER GOING TO BE SEEN ME. THEY'LL PROBABLY TAKE MY PRESS CARD AND EVEN CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION!
THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN
LAST WE SAW THE VILLAGE OF LITERNOS WAS IN FULL FLIGHT. THE ARMY WAS BESIEGED BY AN ODD FUNGUS AND STUPEFIED BY THE WHOLE DAMN MESS!
SWEET JESUS! PROTECT ME FROM THE DEVIL
AND THOSE FLYING ISLANDS. ES PECIALLY THOSE FLYING ISLANDS!
HELLO! HELLO! IS THIS THE EDITOR?
A FLYING VILLAGE? IS THIS SOME SORT OF CRANK CALL?


SO, COCO WHAT SHOULD I DO?
OUR CORRESPONDENT FROM BACALAU IS NOT ONE FOR JOKES HE WOULDN'T KNOW ONE IF IT FELL SMACK DAB RIGHT ON TOP OF HIM. YOU BETTER GET DOWN THERE. I'LL GO TALK WITH MOGEL— THE PUBLISHER!
WHILE LITERNOS CONTINUES ON ITS SMOGGY TRAIL.
HEY, YOU SUNDAY DRIVER! YOU COULD HAVE KILLED THE LOT OF US!
SUNDAY DRIVER, HUH? TAKE A LOOK UP THERE?
THIS IS AN INCREDULOUS OCCURRENCE THAT HAS AROUSED THE ATTENTION OF THE ENTIRE REGION—STARTING WITH THE MAYOR'S OFFICE
A FLYING VILLAGE? WHAT ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU KNOW, MAYBE YOU SHOULD LOOK INTO THE PSYCHIATRIC SICK LEAVE PROGRAM? THE STATE PAYS FOR IT AND YOU GET A SMALL SEVERANCE PAY WHILE YOU'RE IN THE NUTHOUSE. ERR. UNDER DOCTOR'S SUPERVISION!
THE POLICE STATION
SURE YOU SAW A FLOATING CITY AND LAST NIGHT TWO LITTLE GREEN MARTIANS, SIPPING CORYOSIER JUMPED INTO BED WITH MY WIFE
AND RAVAGED HER, SILLY!
AND EVEN AT THE O.R.T.F.*
LOOK! I'M REALLY NOT IN THE MOOD FOR THIS! I'VE HAD ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH TODAY. THE DEATH (FINALLY) OF FRANCO. AN OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE NEW SPEEDWAY OUT OF BACALAU, AND NOW THIS—A FLYING CITY! CAN'T YOU GUYS COME UP WITH SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE ORIGINAL THAN THAT?
*OFFICE OF FRENCH RADIO AND TV BROADCASTING

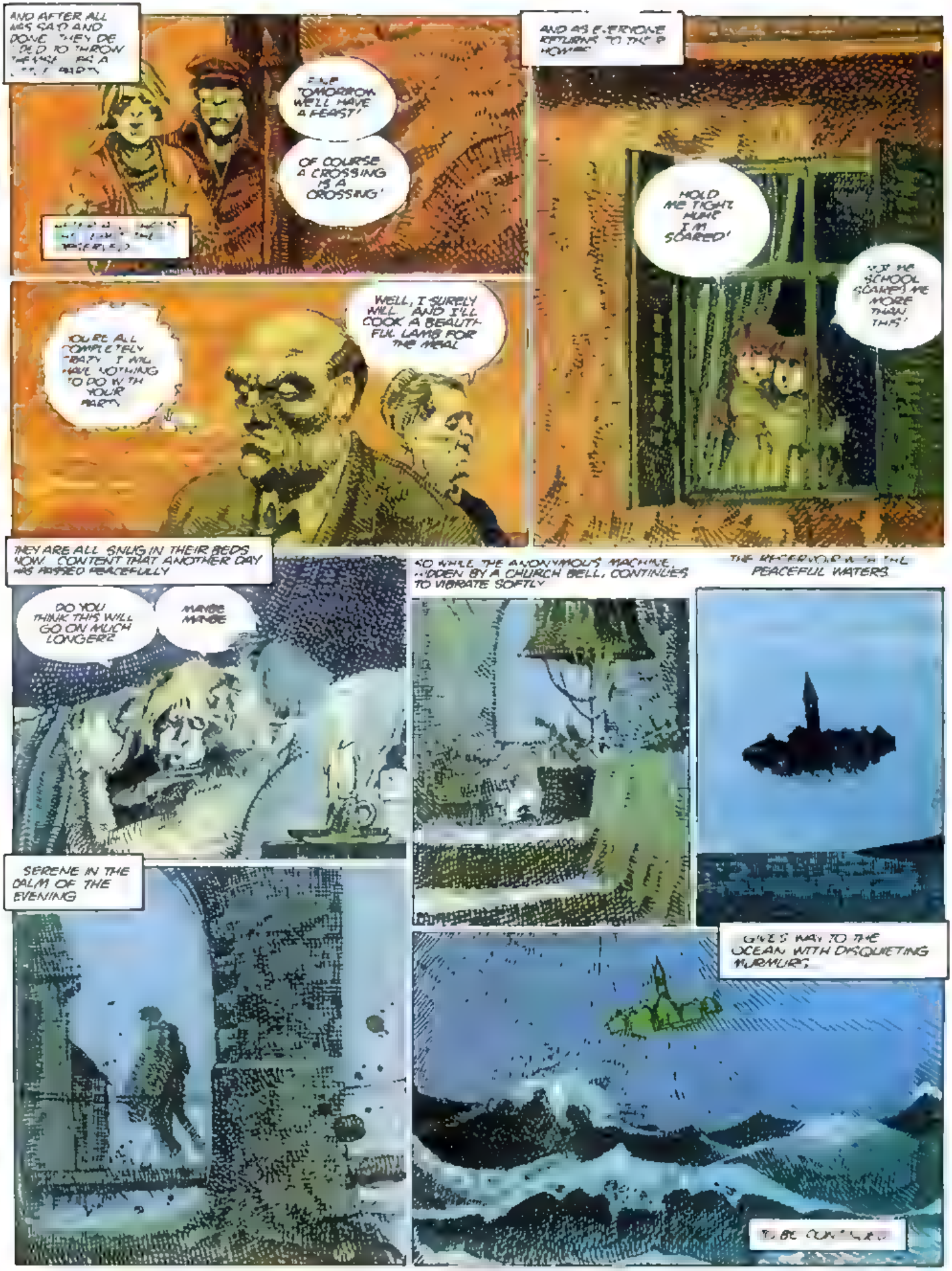

HOWEVER
WHAT A HELL THEY CAME
HE EVEN HAS A HOUSE!
IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
I'M CALLING HEAD QUARTERS
WHAT'S THEY'RE SITTING OUTSIDE TO THE ARTACHOK BASE? INCREDIBLE!
GENERATOR AX IN THE RED AGAIN AIR
AND THIS JAMMED BLOCK-HOUSE ISN'T BUDGING AN INCH
BUT THE TANKS SEEM TO BE SINK-ING INTO THE CLAY
BOY, IT'S PRETTY HOT IN HERE!
SAY MERE, YOUR FACE IS BEGINNING TO LOOK A BIT OOO!
HI-HA LET WHAT ABOUT ALL THAT THEY'RE LOOK AT YOURSELF IN A MIRROR- YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OUTTA GODZILLA JOINS THE ARMY
NO, WE CAN'T! WE'LL NEVER LIVE THIS CATASTROPHE DOWN! LOOK AT US! LOOK AT THAT VILLAGE FLYING EVERY WHICH WAY!
ALL THE MORE REASON TO CALL! LOOK AT WHAT AN EXCITING TURN THIS EVENT HAS TAKEN. WHAT A SUCCESS AN UNUSUAL ONE BUT A SUCCESS NONETHELESS
THIS HAS ALL GONE TOO FAR! LOOK AT US!
YOU'RE RIGHT
LET'S CALL PARIS!

WHY HAS ALL THIS HAPPENED TO ME? ARGHHH THIS ITCHING IS DRIVING ME CRAZY!
GENERATOR AW IN THE RED
WE MUST WORK OUT A NEW TACTICAL PLAN! WE'RE DOING SOMETHING WRONG HERE! LET'S CALL THE HELICOPTERS BACK AND REFLECT ON THIS A BIT. LET'S HOPE HIS JOES NOT LEAK TO THE PRESS.
LOOK, THEY'RE LEAVING AGAIN!
HELP! TAKE ME WITH YOU!
I CAN HELP YOU!
I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! IT'S AN INTERNATIONAL LEFTIST PLOT! THESE STATELESS, DRUGGED-OUT HIPPIES!
REALLY, I CAN HELP YOU
COME ON DON'T GET SO UPSET!


I KNOW SO CLOSE THAT WINDOW THERE'S TOO MUCH OF A DRAFT!
WE'RE MOVING VERY QUICKLY NOW!
QUIT YOUR YELLING! YOU'RE GETTING ON MY NERVES!
LOOK AT THE SEA!
LOOKS SO STRANGE FROM UP HERE!
YES I'M FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT AND FRANKLY I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS!
WE CAN'T BELIEVE IT EITHER!
SOMETHING IS DEFINITELY ROTTEN IN DENMARK OR LITERNOS IF YOU WILL
SO, DEPUTY WE NO LONGER KNOW WHO OR WHERE THE ENEMY IS?
YEAH, AND FRANKLY, IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME THAT THE ARMY ISN'T WORTH A DAMN!
WHAT A MESS!
LOOK, DON'T PLAY NAIVE WITH ME I KNOW WHAT YOUR BUNCH IS UP TO
WHAT ABOUT HIM? THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE HIS STORY NOT IN A MILLION YEARS!
WORRIED?
HOWEVER WE'VE ALL TALKED AND WE SUSPECT THAT YOU ARE NOT TOTALLY INNOCENT IN THIS CHARADE BUT DESPITE THAT WE'RE WITH YOU!

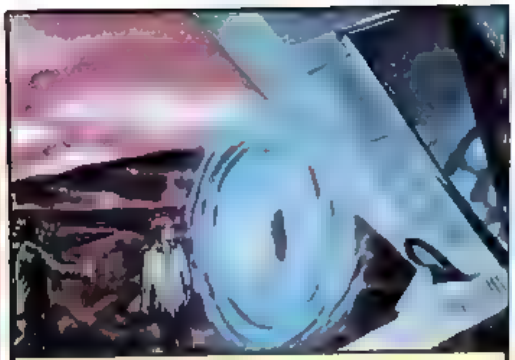
AFTER ALL, WE'LL FINALLY MAKE A NAME FOR OURSELVES, LITERNOS A CITY IN FLIGHT! SWEET MUSIC TO MY EARS
LOOK!
HEY UP THERE! WE'VE HEARD PEOPLE TALK ABOUT YOU!
THEY'VE BEEN SAYING IT'S BECAUSE OF THE MILITARY CAMP SOME SORT OF WEIRD EXPERIMENTS!
WHAT A SCANDAL THIS WILL MAKE!
GOOD LUCK AND ERRR HAPPY TRAILS
SEND 'EM UP!
BUT YOU MUST BE STARVED WE CAN SPARE A FEW FOR YOU!
YES, I DO BELIEVE WE CAN WORK TOGETHER!
I HOPE SO
WE'RE FROM THE MARINA THOSE DAMNED EXPERIMENTS HAVE KILLED OFF MOST OF OUR FISH!

THANKS MEN!
SURE AND DON'T GIVE UP!
AND BE WARY THE WIND IS GOING TO GET STRONGER!
THIS AM X F. STATION WAS HEARD TO BE IN MAJOR UPSET FOR THE AUTHORITIES AND TOWNSPEOPLE ALIKE. WHAT WILL THEY DO?
I DON'T SEE WHY I HAVE TO WAIT A DECISION I AM A MARSHAL
YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT KNOW THE MANY THINGS I'VE RUNNING ROUND HERE
AND AS THE SETTING SUN
COME ON, LET'S GET SOME REST
YEAH WELL HAVE A TOUGH DAY AHEAD OF US IF THERE'S A STRONG WIND
TOMORROW IS SUNDAY
A DAY OF REST!
RIGHT NOW HAVE YOU GOT "WHAT" "US" SUPPRESS THAT NEWS FOR A BIT LONGER
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU AIN'T AIN'T ANY LONGER IF I HEAR ON THE RADIO ANY MORE OF WHAT I'VE TOLD YOU YOU'LL BE FINISHED IN THIS TOWN


AND AFTER ALL WAS SAID AND DONE THEY DECIDED TO THROW THEMSELVES INTO A
E.T.
TOMORROW WE'LL HAVE A FEAST!
OF COURSE A CROSSING IS A CROSSING!
AND AS EVERYONE RETURNS TO THE HOUSE
HOLD ME TIGHT MUM! I'M SCARED!
IF THE SCHOOL SCARES ME MORE THAN THIS!
YOU'RE ALL COMPLETELY CRAZY! I WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR PARTY
WELL, I SURELY WILL AND I'LL COOK A BEAUTIFUL LAMB FOR THE MEAL
THEY ARE ALL SNUG IN THEIR BEDS NOW CONTENT THAT ANOTHER DAY HAS PASSED PEACEFULLY
DO YOU THINK THIS WILL GO ON MUCH LONGER?
MAYBE MAYBE
SO WHILE THE ANONYMOUS MACHINE HIDDEN BY A CHURCH BELL, CONTINUES TO VIBRATE SOFTLY
THE RESERVOIR WITH ITS PEACEFUL WATERS
SERENE IN THE CALM OF THE EVENING
GIVES WAY TO THE OCEAN WITH DISQUIETING MURMURS
TO BE CONTINUED

ROCK OPERA-

Leering at us like some metal toad, the Love Craft -- the rocket ship which was to carry Adeline Jones off with the Deva-- squatted obscenely on its launchpad.



As we approached it, we began to receive the psionic signals it was broadcasting, signals which crashed around our brains like a billboard on looped tape...

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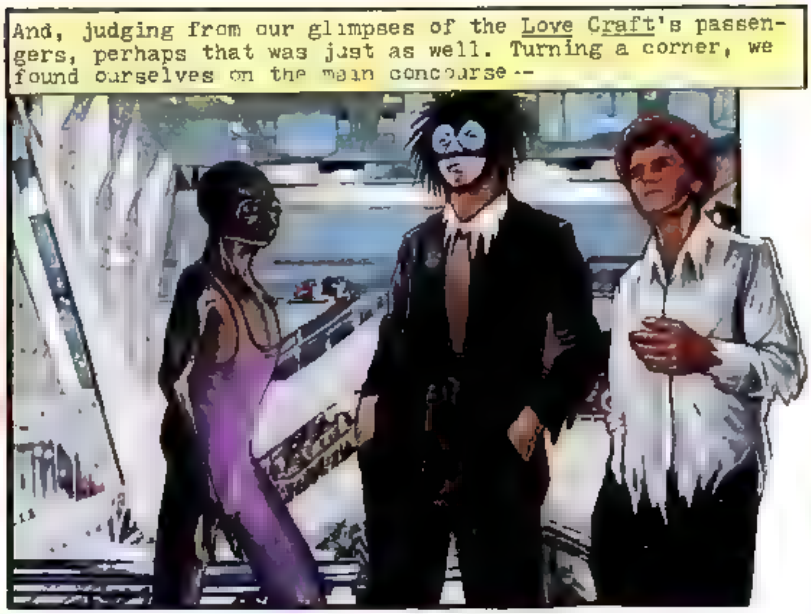
WOW!
My mind reeled-- so this was why Mr. Bub had lured Adeline aboard the Love Craft! To star her in some kind of extra-sensory porn film.
Frantically, I tried to devise a way to get us past the robot guards and onto the ship.
Tickets, please!
I'm just delivering this Vulcan sex aid. See, you press the button, and the cushioned head spins round and round.
Looks pretty heavy-duty to me. You'd better take it up to Libido Deck.
We were in! But how were we going to find Adeline? The passageways of the ship snaked away from us on every side, luminous and almost alive--
--as if they had somehow acquired sentience from their constant burden of loneliness and lust, from witnessing the perverse inventions and incomprehensible sex acts of a billion suns...

Hey--there's a sexologists' convention in the Grand Ballroom. Why don't we just forget about--
Will you shut up? Sex aids can't talk!


And, judging from our glimpses of the Love Craft's passengers, perhaps that was just as well. Turning a corner, we found ourselves on the main concourse--

--swept along in a crowd of fleshy dowagers and pock-marked lounge lizards,

lubricated leatherette lobsters and menacing gay blade runners and most terrifying of all, a sallow gang of Certified Universal Accountants...

As we gawked, a globular creature reeking of garlic and almond paste enfolded us in his tentacles and carried us off.
WAAAH!

We struggled.

He dumped us into a huge vat of something like tapioca, and we blacked out...

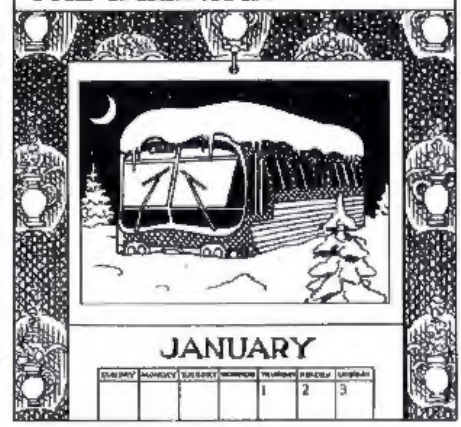
We woke up in inky darkness, our mouths full of sticky gunk.
Where are we?
Marty, are you okay?
I don't know. We--we're moving.
You think they might be fattening us up for some kind of really perverted sex act?
The motion stopped, and from inside our little womb we could hear a low lustful murmur.
Suddenly, violently we were thrust upward into the dazzling light.
No! No! I don't want to be born!
We had emerged from a huge cake on the stage of the Grand Ballroom--while all around us crazed alien sexologists cheered and howled.
TAKE IT OFF!
TAKE IT OFF!
© 1982 STRAP-ON ROD KIERKEGAARD WITH A VIBRATOR ATTACHMENT, JR.
CONTINUED...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©

THE T-SHIRT:

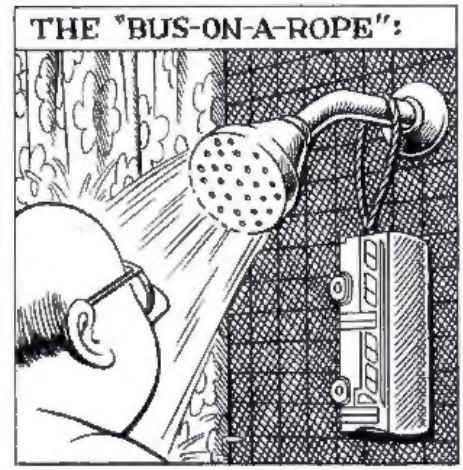
THE CALENDAR:



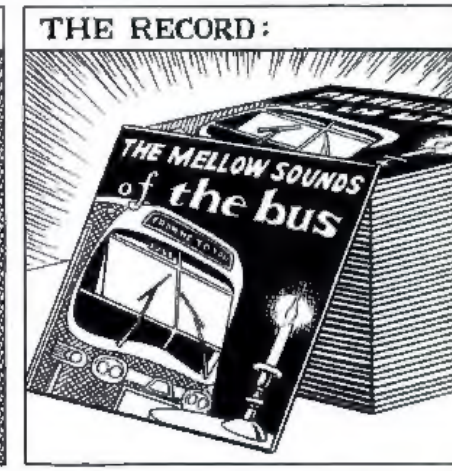
THE PLANTER:

THE COFFEE MUG:

THE "BUS-ON-A-ROPE":



THE RECORD:



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Todd Rundgren, and Sex have in common?
Why they're all in this very issue!